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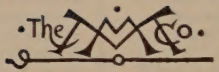

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SELECT ORATIONS

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION

BY

ARCHIBALD McCLELLAND HALL, PH.D., B.D.

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1911

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PREFACE

The growing importance of public speaking in high schools and colleges has suggested this compilation of orations. It is not intended to give an exhaustive discussion of oratory or detailed instruction in the art of elocution, but to put into the hands of the students, at moderate cost, those orations that will bring them in touch with the spirit of true oratory.

The orations are necessarily abridged. With very few exceptions, they may be found with greater entirety in the works suggested by the bibliography. Historical settings and explanations are also indicated there.

A. M. H.

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INTRODUCTION

Public address has developed whenever it lies within the province of the people to discuss and decide momentous questions. The problems of the Greek and Roman republics called forth Demosthenes and Æschines, Cicero and Catiline. When government became despotic and the political status of men was arbitrarily fixed, the spiritual issues of life and death were supreme. In the early Christian period and down through the Middle Ages the prophets of religion were the great orators. Paul, Tertullian, St. Augustine, and St. Bernard were all proclaimers of the gospel of life. With the Renaissance came a widening of the interests and activities of men. Patriotism and religion grew even more eloquent, and other causes — such as justice and education and philanthropy — summoned impassioned advocates.

To-day the field of oratory is as vast as the interests of our complex society. Improved means of transportation make possible the assembling of audiences

quickly and from wide territory. Auditoriums have been enlarged and multiplied. Every craft and club and organization holds its convention where the discussion of vital questions may be graced with oratory. Chautauquas and commencements of high schools and colleges afford opportunities when the speaker has the highest inspiration of theme and audience. The advocacy of the rights of man is becoming more intensive and extensive as vindictive punishment is yielding to reformation, and armies are displaced by parliaments. Even the banquet, once enlivened by joke and song, is now the occasion for the most weighty deliverances. The preacher, freed from the shackles of narrow dogma, has an idealism of pure ethics, of philanthropic purposes, and of tangible hopes, an eschatology that reflects all the beauties and possibilities of our modern civilization. The materials at the speaker's command are more diversified and fraught with greater power to stimulate the reason, arouse the feelings, and excite the imagination. Innumerable facts present themselves in scientific array. Emotions are as profound as the tragedies and the triumphs of a sensitive society. The fairy tales of former ages dwindle into insignificance compared with the present realities. The ends and aims are as sublime as the destinies

of republics and the perfection of civilizations. The press, by the dissemination of knowledge, has prepared the audience for the climactic work of the orator. Every high school and college and university has established a department of Public Speaking, and the work is recognized as equal in importance to that of any other part of the curriculum.

When the opportunity comes to a man to address his assembled fellows, he should strive to do so effectively and well. There are many kinds of public address, varying from the concise statement of a business proposition to the most eloquent oratory. But in every kind the presentation of appropriate thoughts in a clear, forceful, and elegant manner is essential. There is a generally accepted method of preparation and art of expression.

The Preparation of the Oration

The invitation or the occasion of the speaking will usually suggest the subject. This given, the purpose of the speaker is to present his thoughts in a pleasing and convincing manner. Conviction is brought about by an appeal to the reason and persuasion, by arousing the emotions. The speaker then has a twofold task: to present the facts and arguments in such a manner

that the hearers may concur and perhaps act in accordance with his opinions.

Every student is familiar with the process of collecting materials. He has been instructed in the use of the library. He can glean the contents of the papers and the magazines. If his subject deals with questions in the forming, the most fruitful source of information is conversation with wise and well-informed men. Or if he is called upon to blaze new paths and deliver original opinions, he will draw most deeply from careful reflection.

When collecting his materials, the student has jotted down a number of facts and arguments and illustrations. To recite these in order would be neither instructive nor entertaining. They must be cast into presentable form. To do this he must go over them, carefully adjusting them in their relation. At first they will be stubborn, but soon they will begin to arrange themselves into groups. At last the leading issue will become prominent, and the remaining material will properly arrange itself as subdivision and illustration. The best instruction the writer has observed for developing an outline is that given by Professor Alden in his Art of Debate, which by his courtesy is here quoted in full.

Let us take an example illustrating the growth and arrangement of an outline for debate. Suppose that a speaker is to argue in favor of woman's suffrage in the United States. After doing some reading and thinking on the subject, and jotting down the points discovered in the order in which they have occurred to him, his notes run somewhat as follows: —

1. Importance of the question.
2. Idea of woman's suffrage has made rapid progress.
3. Suffrage is a natural right.
4. Americans believe that taxation implies representation.
5. Woman is more moral than man.
6. The only other disfranchised classes are idiots, criminals, and children.
7. Women would produce a good effect on politics.
8. Objection: Women cannot do military service.
9. Women interested in education of children.
10. Objection: Home interests would be injured.
11. Disfranchisement of woman a mere tradition.
12. In America practically all citizens vote.
13. Objection: Women are represented by men.

14. Experience in Colorado, Wyoming, etc.
15. Very many women now in business.
16. Women much interested in reforms.
17. The present a favorable time for trying the experiment.
18. Laws still exist unfavorable to the interests of women.
19. Unmarried women have not even partial representation.
20. Women need the ballot to protect their real interests.
21. According to the Declaration of Independence, all persons are born free and equal.

Here, clearly, is a good deal of useful material, but in a quite unserviceable form. The different statements bear very different relations to one another. Numbers 1, 2, 11, and 17 are of slight value as proof, but are interesting for preliminary consideration or concluding appeal. Numbers 4, 6, and 12 seem to belong together, under some heading having to do with the theory of the franchise in the United States. In the same way 3, 9, 15, 18, and 20 have to do with the question of the interests of women; while 5, 7, and 16 have to do with the interests of the country at large.

Aside from the matter of arrangement, the headings are seen not to be coördinate in their functions as proof. Thus 5 and 16 are proofs of 7, if they have any value, and should evidently come together under 7; 21 seems to be an attempt at proof of 3. Numbers 9, 15, and 18 are proofs of 20; under this head, also, belongs the objection stated in 13, to which 19 is a partial answer. In the same way 14 may well be used as an answer to the objection stated in 10; while 6 is really a form of answer to an objection not stated, coming under the idea expressed in 12.

Arranging the headings according to this analysis, and filling in certain gaps in order to indicate the full connection of the various ideas, we have an outline something like this: —

Women should have the right of suffrage in the United States.

Introductory.

The problem of suffrage of grave importance in America.

Originally the right to take part in government was based on physical force.

In the United States, however, it is supposed to be based on principle, not tradition.

I. To deny women this right is unreasonable according to the principles of government in America.

Here suffrage is called "universal."

(It is no objection to say that suffrage is denied to certain classes by law, for

This denial is largely based on assumed incapacity, as in the case of idiots, criminals, and minors.)

(Neither is it sufficient to say that women are excepted because of incapacity for military service, for

Men are not disfranchised when incapacitated by age or infirmity.)

Here the principle is accepted that taxation implies representation; and women are taxed.

II. To deny it is unjust.

Suffrage is a natural right of citizens, for

It is the means by which they are to protect and exercise the freedom and equality guaranteed them by the Declaration of Independence.

Women need the suffrage to protect their interests.

Many of them have business interests.

Many are interested in the education of children.

Many still suffer from laws unfavorable to their personal rights (as in the case of holding property, guardianship of children, etc.)

(It cannot be said that they are represented in these matters by men, for

In the nature of the case a man cannot represent the interests of a woman; and

Unmarried women are not even professedly represented.)

III. To deny it is contrary to the interests of the nation.

The influence of women in politics would be beneficial.

Women are, broadly speaking, more moral than men.

Women are more interested in reforms.

(It cannot be urged that the interests of the home would be injured, for

This is contrary to the nature of women; and

Experience in Colorado, Wyoming, and elsewhere, proves the contrary.)

Conclusion.

This movement has grown beyond all expectation, and has been successful in many localities.

The present is an opportune time for trying it in the United States.

This is a brief for debate, but in method of procedure it will apply to the outline of an address, for every speaker has an end in view which is reached through the presentation of facts and arguments in a clear, logical order.

Aristotle held the parts of an oration to be the Introduction, the Proposition, the Proof, and the Conclusion. This division, in more or less modified form, has prevailed until the present. But one must not be a slave to form. If the audience anticipates a stereotyped outline, it loses interest. The student must remember, however, that he who is a master of form can most safely change or disregard form. For the purposes of this book the divisions of the above brief will be accepted as satisfactory: the Introduction, the Discussion, and the Conclusion.

The Introduction.

The object of the introduction is to establish harmony between the speaker and the audience. It may include personal references, though these should be left as far as possible to the presiding officer. Personalities in an address, as in conversation, smack of egotism. It may consist of a clever story, a strik-

ing statement to arouse interest, an explanation to allay prejudice against the speaker or his subject, an historic narrative, or an analysis and elucidation of the proposition. The introduction should lead up to a clear, emphatic statement of the subject or main proposition. Great caution should be exercised not to make the introduction too long. This is a common fault. The vestibule is made more imposing than the auditorium. Usually with an intelligent audience the speaker may, with a few tactful, preliminary remarks, enter at once upon the discussion of his theme.

The Discussion.

In this division of the address the speaker sets forth the proofs or arguments in support of his contention. They will usually group themselves under three or four main headings. A multiplicity of leading issues loses the speaker and confuses the audience. The arrangement of the arguments may depend upon historical sequence, causal relation, or the mental processes of the speaker. He may be anti-climactic, striking his sledge-hammer blows in the beginning and adding details of proof to strengthen the effect; or he may be climactic, presenting the simplest and most self-evident arguments first, then those of greater strength, thus gaining momentum until he can sweep

his audience with the force of his logic. The analysis should be so clear and the leading arguments so emphatic that an auditor can recount the points in order.

The Conclusion.

The conclusion should give a résumé of the arguments and proofs, and make the desired application and appeal. Here the speaker must marshal all his powers of persuasion. The conclusion was the "rousement" of the old-fashioned sermon, the grandiloquent peroration of the early political efforts, and is the sincere and direct application of the subject to the hearts and consciences of the hearers. The tact of the orator is supreme. He must judge the temper of the audience and the demands of the moment. A comprehensive summary and detailed application may be necessary. Or some laconic utterance may serve to fasten the address in the minds of the audience and to rouse them to action.

The student sometimes fails to comprehend the meaning of persuasion. It is not a certain part of the oration that calls for demonstration and tears. Too much persuasion sinks to mere exhortation, and is an acknowledgment of the weakness of one's case. Persuasion must be tempered by the strength of the argu-

ments and the justice of the cause. It is a subtle something that runs through the whole address. It arises from the tact and grace of the introduction, the force of the arguments, the sincerity and intensity of the speaker, ever accumulating until the audience is lifted by a sublime appeal.

If the orator speaks extemporaneously, he will find that his success lies in detailed preparation. It is all-important to master the main headings, subdivisions, and illustrations so that they will come readily into his mind in the proper order. Every thought should be thoroughly digested, so that it may recur in appropriate form and dignified expression. One should stand in his room and address an imaginary audience, bringing into play all the earnestness and enthusiasm that will be striven for in the actual delivery.

For all important occasions the address should be written. The outline must be developed by the process of composition. The oratorical instinct or spirit should be cultivated by reading orations that pitch the mind in a high key and create an atmosphere of eloquence. The materials must be transformed by the alchemy of the speaker's individuality. Every fact and thought should be tempered in the crucible of the orator's mind until it is fit for his use. He must observe the

elegancies of thought and style. But above all must he be able mentally to transfer himself to the occasion, that his composition may glow with oratorical enthusiasm and inspiration.

The Delivery of the Oration.

In the delivery of the address the speaker has the opportunity to add to the strength of his thought the richness of feeling, the music of voice, the beauty of gesture, and the power of personality.

The audience passes judgment on the first appearance of the speaker, and this impression is significant. The orator should step to the rostrum with the calm, determined, courageous poise of a general, if he aspires to be the "master of assemblies." Arrogance or cringing humility never command respect. The mere presence of some men is sufficient to silence an audience. Webster looked wiser than any man could possibly be. Garfield stilled the mob by the raising of his hand. A fine presence is a natural asset. One may lack this, but he can cultivate ease and dignity.

The first word uttered strikes the keynote of the address. If it be above the pitch of the auditorium, the voice will be forced and strained. Most young speakers, under the stress of excitement, begin to speak in an unnatural key. The voice is out of harmony

with the thought and feeling and environment, and the effect is that of an instrument out of tune. It is perhaps overfastidious to pitch one's voice by a flute, but he should keep to the conversational pitch, or even below this. "Start low, go slow" is an excellent adage. One can "rise higher and take fire," but he cannot well reverse the process. It is assumed that one who aspires to public address will, by constant exercise, render his voice smooth and musical and flexible. Only by means of clear articulation and enunciation and modulation can the delicate shades of thought and feeling be brought out and emphasized.

Some great orators speak with few or no gestures, others are very demonstrative. There are no arbitrary rules. All depends upon the temperament of the speaker. In general, it may be said that gestures should be few, and suited to the sense. If artificial, they will lack force; if awkward, they will attract attention; if superfluous, they will be ridiculous. Ease and grace of gesture please the eye and emphasize the meaning. Every speaker should practise before a glass to rid himself of awkwardness and crudity.

When the speaker warms to his subject and wishes to become more intense and emphatic, he must be well on his guard lest he mistake loudness for force.

Shouting and ranting are always objectionable. The effective orator must be able to hold his voice to the normal pitch, and let the rising tide of feeling and earnestness run through the minutest details of thought and delivery. Earnestness must never be forced. It must grow with the development of the theme and in response to the interest and enthusiasm of the audience. To let feeling outrun thought is worse than to let thought outrun feeling. This is to become prosy, that to become sentimental.

Many students, while making an address, affect an indifferent manner, shoving their hands into their pockets, hanging over a chair, or strolling idly about the platform. This may be permissible to the wise professor absorbed in nice originalities of thought, and speaking to students who have no choice but to listen, but it will not command the attention of the average audience. If the speaker is not enthusiastic, the audience will not be. The orator must walk on the mountain top if he would draw up his hearers. There is such a thing as oratorical rapture. It is earnestness and force and fire in delivery that makes the orator of the hour. And every young man who aspires to this rank, while he dare not imitate, must develop in his own individuality strength and clearness of thought,

freedom and force of delivery, and grandeur of diction and spirit.

Perhaps a few general warnings or "don'ts" in composition and delivery may be helpful to students.

1. Don't preach in platitudes. Scintillate with original and unique conceptions.

2. Don't take yourself too seriously. Wit has an arousing sting. Laughter and tears are closely allied, and both are attendants at the gateway of reason.

3. Don't deal in generalities. Let your address bristle with specific facts and illustrations of human interest.

4. Don't be stiffly conventional. If you wish to give your text at the close of your sermon, do so. For most sermons it is the desirable place, if it is not to be lost on the congregation. Always keep in view the effect on the audience. The orator is not giving a performance. He is striving for results.

5. Don't drop to the rude or commonplace. The feelings of an audience are keen and sensitive and demand courtesy and respect. "Measure up to the occasion." Use language imperial. A fool cannot grace the throne of a king, a flippant babbler cannot enter the holy temple of oratory.

6. Don't imitate the peculiarities of some orator

who, in spite of them, is great. An attractive idiosyncrasy becomes by imitation a mark of imbecility. Doctor Chalmers was a great preacher, but the students who imitated his stammering beginnings were great failures.

7. Don't tell it all. Trust a few details to the intelligence of the audience. A story should be compact and climactic. The audience should be permitted to do the laughing or weeping.

8. Don't depend upon any trick or artifice, but upon an earnest, strong presentation of a vital cause. A great oration must have a great theme and a great soul.

9. Don't, above all, forget the end. A good ending is even more important than a good beginning. Never draw your speech out over three or four good stopping places. Many speakers are like the sailor who could splice a rope to any length, but could not cut it off. The good effect of many a flight of oratory is lost because the orator does not know when and where to alight. Never "talk your hearers tired." Always leave your audience "wanting more."

After this discussion the student will no doubt ask: What is oratory? True, no definition has been given — no definition can be given. He who deftly does so

compasses not the divine art. He merely points out the limits of his own conception. Oratory is an address in public, but many talk in public who are not orators. It is the expression of great thoughts in clear and forcible style. This the essayist can do. It is the embellishment of thought with the graces of fancy and feeling. This the poet can do. It is the adornment of delivery with the charm of voice and gesture. This the elocutionist can do. Oratory may command the elegance of composition and delivery, and still be as stereotyped as the recitation of a phonograph. No author ever produced original literature by writing strictly according to rule. He who sets up absolute standards in oratory only forges shackles for the genius. Potent factors are the characteristics of the speaker and the inspiration of the occasion. These are unknown factors. There is a temporal element in oratory. The artist can paint a picture, or the poet write a poem, and put into it his highest conception of beauty. If his contemporaries discern it not, he can abide his time. His work loses none of its perfection. Like wine, it may improve with age. If the orator does not please or move his hearers then and there, his effort is a failure. What he says may take the form of literature, but it needs the personality, the

enthusiasm, and the magnetism of the speaker to make it oratory.

True oratory must have the elegance of genuine sincerity and profound conviction, the strength of unerring logic, the brilliancy of startling facts and ingenuous conceptions, the movement of impassioned imagination, and the sublimity of ennobling purpose and optimism. And more than all, it must be the reflex of the soul of the orator. The ancients regarded their prophets as gifted with divine inspiration. We do not thus account for our orators. Out of the ever flowing stream of humanity rise men who comprehend in themselves the meaning and destiny of their generation and reflect them purified and illumined through their own great souls. They are able to discard the trivial and the temporal and to grasp the eternal realities. Upon their hearts rests the burden of humanity. They have a gospel for their generation, and feel that "woe is me if I preach not that gospel." Without this they might speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and still be sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. It is the voice of truth that rolls from soul to soul and the pleadings of love that persuade the heart of mankind. If the artist is the sensitive eye of a civilization, the musician the melo-

dious heart-chords, and the poet the rhythmic fancy, the orator is the voice, the living voice that thunders forth the profoundest thoughts, the deepest desires, the brightest hopes, and the holiest aspirations. Happy is the man who is that voice.

SELECT ORATIONS

HAMLET'S DIRECTIONS TO THE PLAYERS

FROM "HAMLET." — *Shakespeare*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray, you avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to

the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, — and heard others praise, and that highly, — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

TRUE ELOQUENCE

DANIEL WEBSTER

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, — they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock

and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible.

Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man *onward*, right ONWARD to his object, — this, *this* is ELOQUENCE; or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence — it is ACTION — NOBLE, SUBLIME, GODLIKE ACTION.

ON THOSE WHO DIED IN THE WAR

PERICLES

(430 B.C.)

ATHENS is a school for Greece. In my opinion, the same individual would among us provide himself qualified for the most varied kinds of action, and with the most graceful versatility. And that this is not mere vaunting language for the occasion, so much as actual truth, the very power of the state, which we have won by such habits, affords a proof. For it is the only country at the present time that, when brought to the test, proves superior to its fame; and the only one that neither gives to the enemy who has attacked us any cause for indignation at being worsted by such opponents, nor to him who is subject to us room for finding fault, as not being ruled by men who are worthy of empire. But we shall be admired both by present and future generations as having exhibited our power with great proofs, and by no means without evidence; and as having no further need, either of Homer to praise us or any one else who might charm for the mo-

ment by his verses, while the truth of the facts would mar the idea formed of them; but as having compelled every sea and land to become accessible to our daring, and everywhere established everlasting records, whether of evil or of good. It was for such a country then that these men, nobly resolving not to have it taken from them, fell fighting; and every one of their survivors may well be willing to suffer in its behalf. For with regard to the things for which I have commended the city, it was the virtues of these men, such as these, that adorned her with them; and few of the Greeks are there whose fame would appear but the just counterpoise of their deeds.

Of these men there was none that either was made a coward by his wealth, from preferring the continued enjoyment of it; or shrank from danger, that he might yet escape poverty and grow rich; but conceiving that vengeance on their foes was more to be desired than these objects, and at the same time regarding this as the most glorious of hazards, they wished by risking it to be avenged on their enemies, and so to aim at procuring those advantages; committing to hope the uncertainty of success, but resolving to trust to action, with regard to what was visible to themselves; and in that action, being minded rather to resist and die, than

by surrendering to escape, they fled from the shame of [a discreditable] report, while they endured the brunt of the battle with their bodies; and after the shortest crisis, when at the very height of their fortune, were taken away from their glory rather than their fear.

Such did these men prove themselves, as became the character of their country. For you that remain, you must pray that you may have a more successful resolution, but must determine not to have one less bold against your enemies; not in word alone considering the benefit [of such a spirit], but rather day by day beholding the power of the city as it appears in fact, and growing enamoured of it, and reflecting, when you think it great that it was by being bold, and knowing their duty, and being alive to shame in action, that men acquired these things; and because, if they ever failed in their attempt at anything, they did not on that account think it right to deprive their country also of their valor, but conferred upon her a most glorious joint offering.

For while collectively they gave her their lives, individually they received that renown which never grows old, and the most distinguished tomb they could have; not so much that in which they are laid,

as that in which their glory is left behind them, to be everlastingly recorded on every occasion for doing so, either by word or deed, that may from time to time present itself. For of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre.

Vying then with these men in your turn, and deeming happiness to consist in freedom, and freedom in valor, do not think lightly of the hazards of war. For more grievous, to a man of high spirits at least, is the misery that accompanies cowardice, than the unfelt death which comes upon him at once, in the time of his strength and of his hope for the common welfare.

Wherefore to the parents of the dead — as many of them as are here among you — I will not offer condolence, so much as consolation. For they know that they have been brought up subject to manifold misfortunes; but that happy is *their* lot who have gained the most glorious — death, as these have, — sorrow, as you have; and to whom life has been so exactly measured, that they were both happy in it, and died in [that happiness]. You must cheer yourselves with the fair fame of these, your lost ones. For the love of honor is the only feeling that never grows old; and in the helplessness of age it is not

the acquisition of gain that gives greatest pleasure, but the enjoyment of honor.

For those of you, on the other hand, who are sons or brothers of the dead, great will be the struggle of competition. For every one is accustomed to praise the man who is no more; and scarcely, though even for an excess of worth, would you be esteemed, I do not say equal to them, but only slightly inferior. For the living are exposed to envy in their rivalry; but those who are in no one's way are honored with a good-will free from all opposition. If, again, I must say anything on the subject of woman's excellence also, with reference to those of you who will now be in widowhood, I will express it all in a brief exhortation. Great will be your glory in not falling short of the natural character that belongs to you; and great is hers, who is least talked of among the men, either for good or evil.

I have now expressed *in word*, as the law required, what I had to say befitting the occasion; and, *in deed*, those who are here interred, have already received part of their honors, while, for the remaining part, the state will bring up their sons at the public expense, from this time to their manhood; thus offering both to these and to their posterity a beneficial

reward for such contests; for where the greatest prizes for virtue are given, there also the most virtuous men are found amongst the citizens. And now, having finished your lamentations for your several relatives, depart.

ON BEING CONDEMNED TO DEATH

SOCRATES

(399 B.C.)

For the sake of no long space of time, O Athenians, you will incur the character and reproach at the hands of those who wish to defame the city, of having put that wise man, Socrates, to death. For those who wish to defame you will assert that I am wise, though I am not. If, then, you had waited for a short time, this would have happened of its own accord; for observe my age, that it is far advanced in life, and near death. But I say this not to you all, but to those only who have condemned me to die. And I say this too to the same persons. Perhaps you think, O Athenians, that I have been convicted through the want of arguments, by which I might have persuaded you, had I thought it right to do and say anything so that I might escape punishment. Far otherwise: I have been convicted through want indeed, yet not of arguments, but of audacity and impudence, and of the

inclination to say such things to you as would have been most agreeable for you to hear, had I lamented and bewailed and done and said many other things unworthy of me, as I affirm, but such as you are accustomed to hear from others.

But neither did I then think that I ought, for the sake of avoiding danger, to do anything unworthy of a freeman, nor do I now repent of having so defended myself; but I should much rather choose to die having so defended myself than to live in that way. For neither in a trial nor in battle is it right that I or any one else should employ every possible means whereby he may avoid death; for in battle it is frequently evident that a man might escape death by laying down his arms and throwing himself on the mercy of his pursuers. And there are many other devices in every danger, by which to avoid death, if a man dares to do and say everything.

But this is not difficult, O Athenians, to escape death, but it is much more difficult to avoid depravity, for it runs swifter than death. And now I, being slow and aged, am overtaken by the slower of the two; but my accusers, being strong and active, have been overtaken by the swifter, wickedness. And now I depart, condemned by you to death; but they condemned by

truth, as guilty of iniquity and injustice: and I abide my sentence and so do they. These things, perhaps, ought so to be, and I think that they are for the best.

In the next place, I desire to predict to you who have condemned me, what will be your fate: if you think that by putting men to death you will restrain any one from upbraiding you because you do not live well, you are much mistaken; for this method of escape is neither possible nor honorable, but that other is most honorable and most easy, not to put a check upon others, but for a man to take heed to himself, how he may be most perfect. Having predicted thus much to those of you who have condemned me, I take my leave of you.

To me then, O my judges, — and in calling you judges I call you rightly, — a strange thing has happened. For the wonted prophetic voice of my guardian deity, on every former occasion, even in the most trifling affairs, opposed me, if I was about to do anything wrong; but now, that has befallen me which ye yourselves behold, and which any one would think and which is supposed to be the extremity of evil, yet neither when I departed from home in the morning did the warning of the god oppose me, nor when I came up here to the place of trial, nor in my address

when I was about to say anything; yet on other occasions it has frequently restrained me in the midst of speaking. But now it has never throughout this proceeding opposed me, either in what I did or said. What then do I suppose to be the cause of this? I will tell you: what has befallen me appears to be a blessing; and it is impossible that we think rightly who suppose that death is an evil. A great proof of this to me is the fact that it is impossible but that the accustomed signal should have opposed me, unless I had been about to meet with some good.

Moreover, we may hence conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things: for either the dead may be annihilated and have no sensation of anything whatever; or, as it is said, there is a certain change and passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were, a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain. If, therefore, death is a thing of this kind, I say it is a gain; for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night.

But if, on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there

be than this, my judges? The greatest pleasure would be to spend my time in questioning and examining the people there as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise, and who fancies himself to be so, but is not. At what price, my judges, would not any one estimate the opportunity of questioning him who led that mighty army against Troy, or Ulysses, or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others, whom one might mention, both men and women? with whom to converse and associate, and to question them, would be an inconceivable happiness. Surely for that the judges there do not condemn to death; for in other respects those who live there are more happy than those that are here, and are henceforth immortal, if at least what is said be true.

You, therefore, O my judges, ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death, and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die, and be freed from my cares, is better for me. On this account the warning in no way turned me aside; and I bear no resentment toward those who condemned me, or against my accusers, although

they did not condemn and accuse me with this intention, but thinking to injure me: in this they deserve to be blamed.

Thus much, however, I beg of them. Punish my sons, when they grow up, O judges, paining them as I have pained you, if they appear to you to care for riches or anything else before virtue, and if they think themselves to be something when they are nothing, reproach them as I have done you, for not attending to what they ought, and for conceiving themselves to be something when they are worth nothing. If ye do this, both I and my sons shall have met with just treatment at your hands.

But it is now time to depart, — for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to every one but God.

ON THE CROWN

DEMOSTHENES

(330 B.C.)

ATHENIANS, you have had many great and renowned orators before me; the famous Callistratus, Aristophon, Cephalus, Thrasybulus, hundreds of others, yet none of them ever thoroughly devoted himself to any measure of state: for instance, the mover of a resolution would not be ambassador; the ambassador would not move a resolution; each one left for himself some relief, and also, should anything happen, an excuse. How then — it may be said — did you so far surpass others in might and boldness as to do everything yourself? I don't say that: but such was my conviction of the danger impending over us, that I considered it left no room or thought for individual security; a man should have been only too happy to perform his duty without neglect. As to myself, I was persuaded, perhaps foolishly, yet I was persuaded, that none would move better resolutions than myself, none

would execute them better, none as ambassador would show more zeal and honesty. Therefore I undertook every duty myself.

Through my policy, which Æschines arraigns, instead of the Thebans invading this country with Philip, as all expected, they joined our ranks and prevented him; instead of the war being in Attica, it took place seven hundred furlongs from the city on the confines of Bœotia; instead of corsairs issuing from Eubœa to plunder us, Attica was in peace on the coast side during the whole war; instead of Philip being master of the Hellespont by taking Byzantium, the Byzantines were our auxiliaries against him.

But if I am accused for what I have actually done, how would it have been if, through my hard bargaining, the states had gone off and attached themselves to Philip, and he had become master at the same time of Eubœa, Thebes, and Byzantium? What, think ye, these impious men would have said or done? Said doubtless, that the states were abandoned — that they wished to join us and were driven away — that he had got command of the Hellespont by the Byzantines, and become master of the corn trade of Greece — that a heavy neighbor-war had by means of the Thebans been brought into Attica — that the sea had become

unnavigable by the excursion of pirates from Eubœa! All this would they have said sure enough, and a great deal besides. A wicked, wicked thing, O Athenians, is a calumniator always, every way spiteful and fault-finding. But this creature is a reptile by nature, that from the beginning never did anything honest or liberal; a very ape of a tragedian, village Œnomaus, counterfeit orator! What advantage has your eloquence been to your country? Now do you speak to to us about the past? As if a physician should visit his patients and not order or prescribe anything to cure the disease, but on the death of any one, when the last ceremonies were performing, should follow him to the grave and expound, how, if the poor fellow had done this and that, he never would have died! Idiot, do you speak now?

Even the defeat — if you exult in that which should make you groan, you accursed one! — by nothing that I have done will it appear to have befallen us. Consider it thus, O Athenians. From no embassy, on which I was commissioned by you, did I ever come away defeated by the ambassadors of Philip — neither from Thessaly, nor from Ambracia, nor from the kings of Thrace, nor from Byzantium, nor from any other place, nor on the last recent occasion from Thebes; but

where his ambassadors were vanquished in argument, he came with arms and carried the day. And for this you call me to account; and are not ashamed to jeer the same person for cowardice, whom you require single-handed to overcome the might of Philip — and that, too, by words! For what else had I at my command? Yet understand me. Of what a statesman may be responsible for I allow the utmost scrutiny; I deprecate it not. What are his functions? To observe things in the beginning, to foresee and foretell them to others, — this I have done.

Æschines says that my individual fortune is paramount to that of the commonwealth, the small and mean to the good and great. How can this possibly be? However, if you are determined, Æschines, to scrutinize my fortune, compare it with your own, and, if you find my fortune better than yours, cease to revile it. Look then from the very beginning. And I pray and entreat that I may not be condemned for bad taste.

Contrast now the circumstances of your life and mine, gently and with temper, Æschines; and then ask these people whose fortune they would each of them prefer. You taught reading, I went to school; you performed initiations, I received them; you

danced in the chorus, I furnished it; you were assembly clerk, I was a speaker; you acted third parts, I heard you; you broke down, and I hissed; you have worked as a statesman for the enemy, I for my country. I pass by the rest; but this very day I am on my probation for a crown, and am acknowledged to be innocent of all offence; while you are already judged to be a pettifogger, and the question is, whether you shall continue that trade, or at once be silenced by not getting a fifth part of the votes. A happy fortune, do you see, you have enjoyed, that you should denounce mine as miserable!

I should conclude, Æschines, that you undertook this cause to exhibit your eloquence and strength of lungs, not to obtain satisfaction for any wrong. But it is not the language of an orator, Æschines, that has any value, nor yet the tone of his voice, but his adopting the same views with the people, and his hating and loving the same persons that his country does. He that is thus minded will say everything with loyal intention; he that courts persons from whom the commonwealth apprehends danger to herself, rides not on the same anchorage with the people, and, therefore, has not the same expectation of safety. But — do you see? — I have; for my objects are the same

with those of my countrymen; I have no interest separate or distinct. Is that so with you? How can it be — when immediately after the battle you went as ambassador to Philip, who was at that period the author of your country's calamities, notwithstanding that you had before persisted in refusing that office, as all men know? For upon what plea of equality or justice could Æschines, son of Glaucothea, the timbrel player, be the friend or acquaintance of Philip? I cannot see. No! You were hired to ruin the interests of your countrymen; and yet, though you have been caught yourself in open treason, and informed against yourself after the fact, you revile and reproach me for things which you will find any man is chargeable with sooner than I.

Many great and glorious enterprises has the commonwealth, Æschines, undertaken and succeeded in through me; and she did not forget them. Here is the proof: On the election of a person to speak the funeral oration immediately after the event, you were proposed, but the people would not have you, notwithstanding your fine voice, nor Demades, though he had just made the peace, nor Hegemon, nor any other of your party — but me. And when you and Pythocles came forward in a brutal and shameful manner (O merciful

Heaven!) and urged the same accusations against me which you now do, and abused me, they elected me all the more. Having to order the funeral banquet (according to custom) at the house of the nearest relative to the deceased, they ordered it at mine. And with reason; because, though each to his own was nearer of kin than I was, none was so near to them all collectively. He that had the deepest interest in their safety and success had upon their mournful disaster the largest share of sorrow for them all.

Of this base and infamous conspiracy and profligacy — or rather, O Athenians, if I am to speak in earnest, of this betrayal of Grecian liberty — Athens is by all mankind acquitted, owing to my counsels; and I am acquitted by you. Then do you ask me, Æschines, for what merit I claim to be honored? I will tell you. Because, while all the statesmen in Greece, beginning with yourself, have been corrupted formerly by Philip and now by Alexander, me neither opportunity, nor fair speeches, nor large promises, nor hope, nor fear, nor anything else could tempt or induce to betray aught that I considered just and beneficial to my country. Whenever I have advised my fellow-citizens, I have never advised like you men, leaning as in a balance to the side of profit; all my proceed-

ings have been those of a soul upright, honest, and incorrupt; intrusted with affairs of greater magnitude than any of my contemporaries, I have administered them all honestly and faithfully. Therefore do I claim to be honored. What embassy or agency is there of yours, Æschines, by which the reputation of the country has been increased? What concern domestic, Hellenic, or foreign, of which you have had the management, has improved under it? What galleys? what ammunition? what arsenals? what repair of walls? what cavalry? What in the world are you good for? What assistance in money have you ever given, either to the rich or the poor, out of public spirit or liberality? None. But, good sir, if there is nothing of this, there is at all events zeal and loyalty. Where? when? You infamous fellow! Even at a time when all who ever spoke upon the platform gave something for the public safety, and last Aristonicus gave the sum which he had amassed to retrieve his franchise, you neither came forward nor contributed a mite — not from inability — no, for you have inherited above five talents from Philo, your wife's father, and you had a subscription of two talents from the chairmen of the boards for what you did to cut up the navy law. But, that I may not go from one thing

to another and lose sight of the question, I pass this by. That it was not poverty prevented your contributing, already appears; it was, in fact, your anxiety to do nothing against those to whom your political life is subservient. On what occasions then do you show your spirit? When do you shine out? When aught is to be spoken against your countrymen! — then it is you who are splendid in voice, perfect in memory, an admirable actor, a tragic Theocrines.

You say that I am nothing like the ancients. Are you like them, Æschines? Is your brother, or any of our speakers? I assert that none is. But pray, my good fellow (that I may give you no other name), try the living with the living and with his competitors, as you would in all cases — poets, dancers, athletes. Philammon did not, because he was inferior to Glaucus of Carystus and some other champions of a bygone age, depart uncrowned from Olympia, but, because he beat all who entered the ring against him, was crowned and proclaimed conqueror. So I ask you to compare me with the orators of the day, with yourself, with any one you like; I yield to none. When the commonwealth was at liberty to choose for her advantage, and patriotism was a matter of emulation, I showed myself a better counsellor than

any, and every act of state was pursuant to my decrees and laws and negotiations; none of your party was to be seen, unless you had to do the Athenians a mischief. After that lamentable occurrence, when there was a call no longer for advisers, but for persons obedient to command, persons ready to be hired against their country and willing to flatter strangers, then all of you were in occupation, grand people with splendid equipages; I was powerless, I confess, though more attached to my countrymen than you. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honor, the power, the glory of my fatherland, these to exalt, these to have been my being. I do not walk about the market-place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those who I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men, who rail at Athens, as if in so doing they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrives by the distresses of Greece, are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye gods, may those wishes be confirmed

by you! If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling! But if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves; exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance!

ORATION AGAINST VERRES

CICERO

I ASK now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge. Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that anything false, that even anything aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any Prince, or any State, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape?

The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to

embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, — "I am a Roman citizen: I have served under Lucius Pretius who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence."

The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; while the only words he uttered amid his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution, — for his execution upon the cross!

O Liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! — once sacred! now trampled upon! But what then! — Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a

governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Commonwealth, nor the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude, with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and the introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

THE FIRST ORATION AGAINST CATILINE

CICERO

(63 B.C.)

When, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the nightly guards placed on the Palatine Hill — do not the watches posted throughout the city — does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men — does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place — do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before — where is it that you were — who was there that you summoned to meet you — what design was there which was adopted by

you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted? At Lecca's that night you divided Italy into sections; you settled where every one was to go; you fixed whom you were to leave at Rome, whom you were to take with you; you portioned out the divisions of the city for conflagration; you undertook that you yourself would at once leave the city, and said that there was then only this to delay you, — that I was still alive.

As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as you have begun. Leave the city at least; the gates are open; depart. That Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from a great fear, when there is a wall between you and me. Among us you can dwell no longer — I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it. What is the matter, Catiline? Do you hesitate to do that when I order you which you were already doing of your own accord? The consul orders an enemy to depart from the city. Do you ask me, Are you to go into banishment? I do not order it; but, if you consult me, I advise it.

For what is there, O Catiline, that can now afford

you any pleasure in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you, — no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body ever abstained? Is there one youth, when you have once entangled him in the temptations of your corruption, to whom you have not held out a sword for audacious crime, or a torch for licentious wickedness?

But now, what is that life of yours that you are leading? For I will speak to you not so as to seem influenced by the hatred I ought to feel, but by pity, nothing of which is due to you. You came a little while ago into the senate; in so numerous an assembly, who of so many friends and connections of yours saluted you? If this in the memory of man never happened to any one else, are you waiting for insults by word of mouth, when you are overwhelmed by the most irresistible condemnation of silence? Is it nothing that at your arrival all those seats were vacated? that all the men of consular rank, who had often been marked out by you for slaughter, the very moment you sat

down, left that part of the benches bare and vacant? With what feelings do you think you ought to bear this? On my honor, if my slaves feared me as all your fellow-citizens fear you, I should think I must leave my house. Do not you think you should leave the city?

If your parents feared and hated you, and if you could by no means pacify them, you would, I think, depart somewhere out of their sight. Now your country, which is the common parent of all of us, hates and fears you, and has no other opinion of you, than that you are meditating parricide in her case. And she, O Catiline, thus pleads with you, and after a manner silently speaks to you: Depart, then, and deliver me from this fear — that, if it be a just one, I may not be destroyed; if an imaginary one, that at least I may at last cease to fear.

If, as I have said, your country were thus to address you, ought she not to obtain her request, even if she were not able to enforce it? What shall I say of your having given yourself into custody? O Catiline, if you cannot remain here with tranquillity, depart to some distant land, and trust your life, saved from just and deserved punishment, to flight and solitude. Be gone from the city, O Catiline; deliver the republic from fear; depart into banishment, if that is the word you

are waiting for. Had I said the same to this excellent young man, Publius Sextius, or to that brave man, Marcus Marcellus, before this time the senate would deservedly have laid violent hands on me, consul though I be, in this very temple. But as to you, Catiline, while they are quiet they approve, while they permit me to speak they vote, while they are silent they are loud and eloquent.

Wherefore, as I have said before, go forth, and if you wish to make me, your enemy as you call me, unpopular, go straight into banishment. I shall scarcely be able to endure all that will be said if you do so; I shall scarcely be able to support my load of unpopularity if you do go into banishment at the command of the consul; but if you wish to serve my credit and reputation, go forth with your ill-omened band of profligates; betake yourself to Manlius, rouse up the abandoned citizens, separate yourself from the good ones, wage war against your country, exult in your impious banditti, so that you may not seem to have been driven out by me and gone to strangers, but to have gone invited to your own friends. Then what happiness will you enjoy! with what delight will you exult! in what pleasure will you revel! when in so numerous a body of friends, you neither hear nor see one good man.

TO HIS ARMY BEFORE HIS DEFEAT IN BATTLE

CATILINE

(Delivered in 63 B.C. near Pistoria, whence he had hoped to escape into Gaul)

I AM well aware, soldiers, that words cannot inspire courage; and that a spiritless army cannot be rendered active, or a timid army valiant, by the speech of its commander. Whatever courage is in the heart of a man, whether from nature or from habit, so much will be shown by him in the field; and on him on whom neither glory nor danger can move, exhortation is bestowed in vain; for the terror in his breast stops his ears.

I have called you together, however, to give you a few instructions, and to explain to you, at the same time, my reasons for the course which you have adopted. You all know, soldiers, how severe a penalty the inactivity and cowardice of Lentulus has brought upon himself and us; and how, while waiting for reënforcements from the city, I was unable to march

into Gaul. In what situation our affairs now are, you all understand as well as myself. Two armies of the enemy, one on the side of Rome, and the other on that of Gaul, oppose our progress; while the want of corn, and of other necessaries, prevents us from remaining, however strongly we may desire to remain, in our present position. Whithersoever we would go, we must open a passage with our swords. I conjure you, therefore, to maintain a brave and resolute spirit; and to remember, when you advance to battle, that on your own right hands depend riches, honor, and glory, with the enjoyment of your liberty and of your country. If we conquer, all will be safe; we shall have provisions in abundance, and the colonies and corporate towns will open their gates to us. But if we lose the victory through want of courage, those same places will turn against us; for neither place nor friend will protect him whom his arms have not protected. Besides, soldiers, the same exigency does not press upon our adversaries, as presses upon us; we fight for our country, for our liberty, for our life; they contend for what but little concerns them, the power of a small party. Attack them, therefore, with so much the greater confidence, and call to mind your achievements of old.

We might, with the utmost ignominy, have passed the rest of our days in exile. Some of you, after losing your property, might have waited at Rome for assistance from others. But because such a life, to men of spirit, was disgusting and unendurable, you resolved upon your present course. If you wish to quit it, you must exert all your resolution, for none but conquerors have exchanged war for peace. To hope for safety in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms by which the body is defended, is indeed madness. In battle, those who are most afraid are always in most danger; but courage is equivalent to a rampart.

When I contemplate you, soldiers, and when I consider your past exploits, a strong hope of victory animates me. Your spirit, your age, your valor, give me confidence — to say nothing of necessity, which makes even cowards brave. To prevent the numbers of the enemy from surrounding us, our confined situation is sufficient. But should Fortune be unjust to your valor, take care not to lose your lives unavenged; take care not to be taken and butchered like cattle, rather than fighting like men, to leave to your enemies a bloody and mournful victory.

A DESCRIPTION OF OLD AGE

ECCLESIASTES XI : 9–12 ; XII

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth ; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes : but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh : for youth and the prime of life are vanity. Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them ; or ever the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain : in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the street ; when the sound of the grinding is low, and one shall rise up at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low ; yea, they shall be afraid of *that which*

is high, and terrors *shall be* in the way; and the almond tree shall blossom, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and the caper-berry shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern; and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return unto God who gave it. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

And further, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he pondered, and sought out, *and* set in order many proverbs. The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and that which was written uprightly, *even* words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened are *the words of* the masters of assemblies, *which* are given from one shepherd. And furthermore, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. *This is* the end of the matter; all hath been heard: fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole *duty* of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

THE GLORY OF LEBANON

ISAIAH xxxv

THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: they shall see the glory of the LORD, the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come *with* vengeance, *with* the recompense of God; he will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water: in the habitation of jackals, where they lay, shall be grass with reeds and

rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, yea fools, shall not err *therein*. No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon, they shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk *there:* and the ransomed of the LORD shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

THE SPEECH ON MARS HILL

PAUL

ACTS XVII : 22–34

YE men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are somewhat superstitious. For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, TO AN UNKNOWN GOD. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you. The God that made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is he served by men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and he made of one every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined *their* appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he is not far from each one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain even of your own

poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and device of man. The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent: inasmuch as he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

Now when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked; but others said, We will hear thee concerning this yet again. Thus Paul went out from among them. But certain men clave unto him and believed: among whom also was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.

WHY ANOTHER CRUSADE?

ST. BERNARD

(About 1145)

You cannot but know that we live in a period of chastisement and ruin; the enemy of mankind has caused the breath of corruption to fly over all regions; we behold nothing but unpunished wickedness. The laws of men or the laws of religion have no longer sufficient power to check depravity of manners and the triumph of the wicked. The demon of heresy has taken possession of the chair of truth, and God has sent forth His malediction upon His sanctuary.

Oh, ye who listen to me, hasten then to appease the anger of Heaven, but no longer implore His goodness by vain complaints; clothe not yourselves in sackcloth, but cover yourselves with your impenetrable bucklers; the din of arms, the dangers, the labors, the fatigues of war, are the penances that God now imposes upon you. Hasten then to expiate your

sins by victories over the infidels, and let the deliverance of holy places be the reward of your repentance

If it were announced to you that the enemy had invaded your cities, your castles, your lands; had ravished your wives and your daughters, and profaned your temples — which among you would not fly to arms? Well, then, all these calamities, and calamities still greater, have fallen upon your brethren, upon the family of Jesus Christ, which is yours. Why do you hesitate to repair so many evils — to revenge so many outrages? Will you allow the infidels to contemplate in peace the ravages they have committed on Christian people? Remember that their triumph will be a subject for grief to all ages and an eternal opprobrium upon the generation that has endured it. Yes, the living God has charged me to announce to you that He will punish them who shall not have defended Him against His enemies.

Fly then to arms; let a holy rage animate you in the fight, and let the Christian world resound with these words of the prophet, "Cursed be he who does not stain his sword with blood!" If the Lord calls you to the defence of His heritage, think not that His hand has lost its power. Could He

not send twelve legions of angels or breathe one word and all His enemies would crumble away into dust? But God has considered the sons of men, to open for them the road to His mercy. His goodness has caused to dawn for you a day of safety by calling on you to avenge His glory and His name.

Christian warriors, He who gave His life for you, to-day demands yours in return. These are combats worthy of you, combats in which it is glorious to conquer and advantageous to die. Illustrious knights, generous defenders of the Cross, remember the example of your fathers who conquered Jerusalem, and whose names are inscribed in Heaven; abandon then the things that perish, to gather unfading palms, and conquer a Kingdom which has no end.

A REPORT ON HIS EMBASSY TO THE KING

SAVONAROLA

(1495)

HERE I am once more among you. You ask me: "Father, have you brought us some good news?" Yes, good news; I bring nothing but good news. You know that in time of prosperity I brought you bad news, and now in your tribulation I bring nothing but good news. Good news for Florence! Bad news for other places! "O, but we want to know more, Father. Can you give us particulars?" Well, do you not think that it is a good piece of news that Florence has begun to return to a Christian way of living? For a good life is the truest happiness; and happiness is only to be found where men live well and fear God.

I have been yonder in the camp, which is like being in hell. Do not ever allow yourself to desire to be a great lord, for such men never have an hour of true peace and happiness.

Moreover, do you not think it a piece of good news that God has lifted the cloud from over you and has sent it over others? But you say: "It is we who have caused it to move on." This is just what I told you that you would say, attributing all to your own prudence. But I tell you now that your prayers have been the wind which has driven away this cloud. It is the hand of God which has done it all. "But we want to know more, Father. You have been to the king. Have you nothing to tell us?" Nay, I was not your ambassador. I had no commission from the Signiory or from the Ten, though I was asked to go by some friends. So, not having been sent by you, I have no occasion to report to you the results of my embassy. I have reported it to Him who sent me. But I will tell you this: I went, and I sowed good seed, which in its time will sprout and grow, and you shall gather the harvest and shall eat. "Oh, Father, this is a parable; we want plain words." Well, then, I will explain it. I went on your behalf and out of the love which I bear to you. Do you think I would risk my life were I not certain of the truth of the things which I tell you?

I went to his majesty and I told him certain things which if he shall do it will be well with him — well for his soul and for his kingdom and for his subjects.

I told him that he must stand well with Florence, and act well by Florence, and that if he would not do it for love he should do it perforce; that if he should so act it will be well with him, but woe to him if he does not so act; and I told him in detail (though I will not tell you, for it is not fitting that I should) what will befall him. He heard me with kindness and promised me to do what I bade him, and he promised it to you, and I tell you again that if he does not fulfil what he has promised *per amore*, he shall do it perforce. And it is God Himself, who speaks in me, who will make him do it.

This I say in conclusion, that God has opened His hand to this "barber," the king of France, and has given him all that he wanted in Italy; but if he fails to do what I have told him, I tell you, and I would have all the world to know, that God will withdraw His hand. And if he fails to perform for the Florentines what I have bidden him to do, nevertheless we shall have everything, if not of his good-will, then perforce. Meanwhile our arms must be prayer and fasting.

BEFORE THE DIET OF WORMS

MARTIN LUTHER

(1520)

Most Serene Emperor, and You Illustrious Princes and Gracious Lords: I this day appear before you in all humility, according to your command, and I implore your majesty and your august highnesses, by the mercies of God, to listen with favor to the defence of a cause which I am well assured is just and right. I ask pardon, if, by reason of my ignorance, I am wanting in the manners that befit a court; for I have not been brought up in kings' palaces, but in the seclusion of a cloister.

Two questions were yesterday put to me by his imperial majesty: the first, whether I was the author of the books whose titles were read; the second, whether I wished to revoke or defend the doctrine I have taught. I answered the first, and I adhere to that answer.

As to the second, I have composed writings on very different subjects. In some I have discussed Faith and Good Works, in a spirit at once so pure, clear, and Christian, that even my adversaries themselves, far from finding anything to censure, confess that these writings are profitable, and deserve to be perused by devout persons. The Pope's bull, violent as it is, acknowledges this. What, then, should I be doing if I were now to retract these writings? Wretched man! I alone, of all men living, should be abandoning truths approved by the unanimous voice of friends and enemies, and opposing doctrines that the whole world glories in confessing!

I have composed, secondly, certain works against popery, wherein I have attacked such as by false doctrines, irregular lives, and scandalous examples, afflict the Christian world, and ruin the bodies and souls of men. And is not this confirmed by the grief of all who fear God? Is it not manifest that the laws and human doctrines of the Popes entangle, vex, and distress the consciences of the faithful, while the crying and endless extortions of Rome ingulf the property and wealth of Christendom, and more particularly of this illustrious nation?

In the third and last place, I have written some books

against private individuals, who have undertaken to defend the tyranny of Rome by destroying the faith. I freely confess that I may have attacked such persons with more violence than was consistent with my profession as an ecclesiastic: I do not think of myself as a saint, but neither can I retract these books, because I should, by so doing, sanction the impieties of my opponents, and they would thence take occasion to crush God's people with still more cruelty.

Yet as a mere man, and not God, I will defend myself after the example of Jesus Christ, who said: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness against me."

Therefore, most serene emperor, and you illustrious princes, and all, whether high or low, who hear me, I implore you by the mercies of God to prove to me by the writings of the prophets and apostles that I am in error. As soon as I shall be convinced, I will instantly retract all my errors, and will myself be the first to seize my writings, and commit them to the flames.

What I have just said I think will clearly show that I have well considered and weighed the dangers to which I am exposing myself; but far from being dismayed by them, I rejoice exceedingly to see the Gospel this day, as of old, a cause of disturbance and disagree-

ment. It is the character and destiny of God's word. "I came not to send peace unto the earth, but a sword," said Jesus Christ. God is wonderful and awful in His counsels. Let us have a care, lest in our endeavors to arrest discords, we be bound to fight against the holy word of God and bring down upon our heads a frightful deluge of inextricable dangers, present disaster, and everlasting desolations.

In speaking thus, I do not suppose that such noble princes have need of my poor judgment; but I wish to acquit myself of a duty that Germany has a right to expect from her children. And so commending myself to your august majesty, and your serene highness, I beseech you in all humility, not to permit the hatred of my enemies to rain upon me an indignation I have not deserved.

(You ask me if I will or will not retract?) Since your most serene majesty and your high mightiness require of me a simple, clear, and direct answer, I will give one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to the Pope or to the council, because it is as clear as noonday that they have fallen into error and even into glaring inconsistency with themselves. If, then, I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture, or by cogent reasons, if I am not satisfied by the very

text I have cited, and if my judgment is not in this way brought into subjection to God's word, I neither can nor will retract anything; for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his country. I stand here and can say no more. God help me. Amen.

FRANKLIN

COMTE DE MIRABEAU

(French Assembly, June 11, 1790)

FRANKLIN is dead! The genius that freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe has returned to the bosom of Divinity.

The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race.

Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in their funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning. Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity.

Congress has ordained, throughout the United States, a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and, at this moment, America is paying this tribute of

veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution.

Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to bear a part in this homage, rendered, in the face of the world, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has most contributed to extend their sway over the whole earth? Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who has ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty.

HIS LAST SPEECH

JEAN PAUL ROBESPIERRE

(1794)

The enemies of the Republic call me tyrant! Were I such they would grovel at my feet. I should gorge them with gold, I should grant them impunity for their crimes, and they would be grateful. Were I such, the kings we have vanquished, far from denouncing Robespierre, would lend me their guilty support. There would be a covenant between them and me. Tyranny must have tools. But the enemies of tyranny — whither does their path tend? To the tomb, and to immortality! What tyrant is my protector? To what faction do I belong? Yourselves! What faction, since the beginning of the Revolution, has crushed and annihilated so many detected traitors? You, the people — our principles — are that faction! A faction to which I am devoted, and against which all the scoundrelism of the day is banded!

The confirmation of the Republic has been my

object; and I know that the Republic can be established only on the eternal basis of morality. Against me, and against those who hold kindred principles, the league is formed. My life? Oh, my life I abandon without a regret! I have seen the Past; *and I foresee the Future.* What friend of his country would wish to survive the moment when he could no longer serve it — when he could no longer defend innocence against oppression? Wherefore should I continue in an order of things, where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth; where justice is mocked; where passions the most abject, or fears the most absurd, override the sacred interests of humanity? In witnessing the multitude of vices which the torrent of the Revolution has rolled in turbid communion with its civic virtues, I confess that I have sometimes feared that I should be sullied, in the eyes of posterity, by the impure neighborhood of unprincipled men, who had thrust themselves into association with the sincere friends of humanity; and I rejoice that these conspirators against my country have now, by their reckless rage, traced deep the line of demarkation between themselves and all true men.

Question history, and learn how all the defenders of liberty, in all times, have been overwhelmed by

calumny. But their traducers died also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. O Frenchmen! O my countrymen! Let not your enemies, with their desolating doctrines, degrade your souls, and enervate your virtues! No, Chaumette, no! Death is *not* "an eternal sleep"! Citizens! efface from the tomb that motto, graven by sacrilegious hands, which spreads over all nature a funereal crape, takes from oppressed innocence its support, and affronts the beneficent dispensation of death! Inscribe rather thereon these words: "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible testament, which I proclaim with the independence befitting one whose career is so nearly ended; it is the awful truth: "Thou shalt die!"

HENRY V TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE WALLS OF HARFLEUR

SHAKESPEARE

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!

Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument,
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you called fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

MARC ANTONY'S ORATION

SHAKESPEARE

Friends, Romans, Countrymen! lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious: —
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under Brutus, and the rest —
For Brutus is an honorable man!
So are they all! all honorable men! —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me, —
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff! —
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man!
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition? —
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious:
And, sure, he is an honorable man!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke:
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once: not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar:
And I must pause till it come back to me. —
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; — now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men! —
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men! —
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar, —
I found it in his closet, — 'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear this testament, —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, —
That day he overcame the Nervii! —
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made! —
Through this — the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no!
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.

Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all!
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart —
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue, —
Which all the while ran blood! — great Cæsar fell!
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? — look you here!
Here is himself, — marred, as you see, by traitors! —
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
What made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That love my friend, — and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him, —
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on,
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, — poor, poor, dumb mouths —
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that would move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

SPEECH OF BELIAL

JOHN MILTON

(From "Paradise Lost")

I SHOULD be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide, into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise.

Or, could we break our way

By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, — yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair. We must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more!
Sad cure! For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he *can*,
Is doubtful; that he never *will*, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves

To punish endless ?
Wherefore cease we then ?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
Reserved and destined to eternal woe ;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse ? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us ? This hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds ; or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake ? That sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames ? Or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us ?
What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads ; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled
Each on his rock tranfixed, the sport and prey

Of wracking whirlwinds, or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end! This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades.

THE RETORT TO WALPOLE

LORD CHATHAM

(1741)

Sir: The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or

contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain — nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on such an occasion without

scruple trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves — nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part I should have avoided their censure. The heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors at whatever hazard to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

SPEECH ON A MOTION FOR AN ADDRESS TO THE THRONE

LORD CHATHAM

(House of Lords, November 8, 1777)

My Lords: I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavors to sanctify, the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail — cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit

and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us — in measures, I say, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but, though it be poetry, it is no fiction.

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility*. You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot* conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every

assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never — never — never!

But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the Constitution. I believe it is against law.

But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means that God and Nature have put into our hands."

I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed — to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

"That God and Nature put into our hands!" I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and Nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife — to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating — literally, my Lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honor; they shock me as a lover of honorable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

These abominable principles, and this more abom-

inable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our Church — I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.

THE WAR IN AMERICA DENOUNCED

WILLIAM PITT

(1781)

Gentlemen have passed the highest eulogiums on the American war. Its justice has been defended in the most fervent manner. A noble lord, in the heat of his zeal, has called it a holy war. For my part, although the honorable gentlemen who made this motion, and some other gentlemen, have been, more than once, in the course of the debate, severely reprehended for calling it a wicked and accursed war, I am persuaded, and would affirm, that it was a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical war.

It was conceived in injustice; it was nurtured and brought forth in folly; its footsteps were marked with blood, slaughter, persecution, and devastation — in truth, everything which went to constitute moral depravity and human turpitude was to be found in it. It was pregnant with misery of every kind.

The mischief, however, recoiled on the unhappy

people of this country, who were made the instruments by which the wicked purposes of the authors of the war were effected. The nation was drained of its best blood, and of its vital resources of men and money. The expense of the war was enormous — much beyond any former experience.

And yet, what has the British nation received in return? Nothing but a series of ineffective victories, or severe defeats — victories celebrated only by a temporary triumph over our brethren, whom we would trample down and destroy; victories which filled the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valued relatives, slain in the impious cause of enforcing unconditional submission, or with narratives of the glorious exertions of men struggling in the holy cause of liberty, though struggling in the absence of all the facilities and advantages which are in general deemed the necessary concomitants of victory and success. Where was the Englishman who, on reading the narratives of those bloody and well-fought contests, could refrain from lamenting the loss of so much British blood spilt in such a cause, or from weeping, on whatever side victory might be declared?

ENGLAND'S SHARE IN THE SLAVE TRADE

WILLIAM PITT

(Parliament, April 2, 1792)

Why ought the slave trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice! How much stronger, then, is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition! By allowing it to continue for even one hour, do not my right honorable friends weaken — do not they desert their own argument of injustice? If on the ground of injustice it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain a single hour? From what I hear without doors, it is evident that there is a general conviction entertained of its being far from just, and from that very conviction of its injustice some men have been led, I fear, to the supposition that the slave trade never could have been permitted to begin, but for some strong and irresistible necessity, — a necessity, however, which, if it was fancied to exist at first, I have shown cannot be thought by any man to exist at pres-

ent. This plea of necessity, thus presumed, and presumed, as I suspect, from the circumstance of injustice itself, has caused a sort of acquiescence in the continuance of this evil. Men have been led to place it in the rank of those necessary evils which are supposed to be the lot of human creatures, and to be permitted to fall upon some countries or individuals, rather than upon others, by that Being whose ways are inscrutable to us, and whose dispensations, it is conceived, we ought not to look into. The origin of evil is, indeed, a subject beyond the reach of the human understanding; and the permission of it by the Supreme Being is a subject into which it belongs not to us to inquire. But where the evil in question is a moral evil which a man can scrutinize, and where that moral evil had its origin with ourselves, let us not imagine that we can clear our consciences by this general, not to say irreligious and impious, way of laying aside the question. If we reflect at all upon this subject, we must see that every necessary evil supposes that some other or greater evil would be incurred were it removed. I therefore desire to ask: What can be that greater evil which can be stated to overbalance the one in question? I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tear-

ing of eighty thousand persons annually from their native land, by a combination of the most civilized nations in the most enlightened quarter of the globe, — but more especially by that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all. Even if these miserable beings were proved guilty of every crime before you take them off (of which, however, not a single proof is adduced), ought we to take upon ourselves the office of executioners? And even if we condescend so far, still, can we be justified in taking them, unless we have clear proof that they are criminals?

But if we go much farther, — if we ourselves tempt them to sell their fellow-creatures to us, we may rest assured that they will take care to provide every method, by kidnapping, by village-breaking, by unjust wars, by iniquitous condemnations, by rendering Africa a scene of bloodshed and misery, a supply of victims increasing in proportion to our demand. Can we, then, hesitate in deciding whether the wars in Africa are their wars or ours? It was our arms in the River Cameroon, put into the hands of the trader, that furnished him with the means of pushing his trade; and I have no more doubt that they are British arms, put into the hands of Africans, which promote

universal war and desolation, than I can doubt their having done so in that individual instance. Think of eighty thousand persons carried away out of their country, by we know not what means, for crimes imputed; for light or inconsiderable faults; for debt perhaps; for the crime of witchcraft; or a thousand other weak and scandalous pretexts!

Thus, sir, has the perversion of British commerce carried misery instead of happiness to one whole quarter of the globe. False to the very principles of trade, misguided in our policy, and unmindful of our duty, what astonishing — I had almost said, what irreparable — mischief, have we brought upon that continent. How shall we hope to obtain, if it is possible, forgiveness from Heaven for those enormous evils we have committed, if we refuse to make use of those means which the mercy of Providence hath still reserved to us, for wiping away the guilt and shame with which we are now covered. If we refuse even this degree of compensation, — if, knowing the miseries we have caused, we refuse even now to put a stop to them, how greatly aggravated will be the guilt of Great Britain! and what a blot will these transactions forever be in the history of this country!

I shall vote, sir, against the adjournment, and I

shall also oppose to the utmost every proposition which in any way may tend either to prevent, or even to postpone for an hour, the total abolition of the slave trade, a measure which, on all the various grounds I have stated, we are bound, by the most pressing and indispensable duty, to adopt.

THE RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA

EDMUND BURKE

"But, Mr. Speaker, we have a *right* to tax America." O, inestimable right! O, wonderful, transcendent right! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money. O, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! O, right, more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man! miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a *right* to tax America, the noble lord tells us, therefore we *ought* to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What, shear a wolf! Have

you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger, of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the *right*. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and, therefore, I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded! But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play off his cheats on this House, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come: and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities the punishment they deserve.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

EDMUND BURKE

(February 13, 1788)

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here, to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his

beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community — all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the Crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent of the Crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the Sovereign and the subject — offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My Lords, we have a great hereditary peer-

age here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves, by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun. We have those, who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their Sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high, though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes, those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our

religion; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity — a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the person, who was the Master of Nature, chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression: knowing that He who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made himself "the servant of all."

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and

commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into their hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

LIBERTY IS ORDER

CHARLES JAMES FOX

Liberty is order. Liberty is strength. Look round the world, and admire, as you must, the instructive spectacle. You will see that liberty not only is power and order, but that it is power and order predominant and invincible, — that it derides all other sources of strength. And shall the preposterous imagination be fostered, that men bred in liberty — the first of human kind who asserted the glorious distinction of forming for themselves their social compact — can be condemned to silence upon their rights? Is it to be conceived that men who have enjoyed, for such a length of days, the light and happiness of freedom, can be restrained, and shut up again in the gloom of ignorance and degradation? As well, sir, might you try, by a miserable dam, to shut up the flowing of a rapid river! The rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in its way; and the only consequence of the impotent

attempt would be, that, having collected new force by its temporary suspension, enforcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. The progress of liberty is like the progress of the stream. Kept within its bounds, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs; but no power can arrest it in its passage; and short-sighted, as well as wicked, must be the heart of the projector that would strive to divert its course.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WASHINGTON

CHARLES JAMES FOX

(1794)

How infinitely superior must appear the spirit and principles of General Washington in his late address to Congress compared with the policy of modern European courts! Illustrious man! deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than for the dignity of his mind. Grateful to France for the assistance received from her in that great contest which secured the independence of America, he did not choose to give up the system of neutrality in her favor; having once laid down the line of conduct most proper to be pursued, not all the insults and provocations of the French minister, Genêt, could at all put him out of his way and bend him from his purpose.

It must, indeed, create astonishment, that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling a station so conspicuous, the character of Washington should never once have been called in question — that he should, in

no one instance, have been accused either of improper insolence, or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man!

How did he act when insulted by Genêt? Did he consider it as necessary to avenge himself for the misconduct or madness of an individual, by involving a whole continent in the horrors of war? No; he contented himself with procuring satisfaction for the insult, by causing Genêt to be recalled, and thus at once consulted his own dignity and the interests of his country. Happy Americans! While the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads everywhere desolation, you remain protected from its baneful effects by your own virtues, and the wisdom of your government.

Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effect of those prejudices and passions which convert the boasted seats of civilization into

scenes of horror and bloodshed. You profit by the folly and madness of the contending nations, and afford, in your more congenial clime, an asylum to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly contemn or wickedly exclude from their bosom! Cultivating the arts of peace, under the influence of freedom, you advance, by rapid strides, to opulence and distinction; and if, by any accident, you should be compelled to take part in the present unhappy contest — if you should find it necessary to avenge insult, or repel injury — the world will bear witness to the equity of your sentiments and the moderation of your views; and the success of your arms will, no doubt, be proportioned to the justice of your cause!

ON THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL

DANIEL O'CONNELL

I DO not rise to fawn or cringe to this House; — I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong, toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation: it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the Press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen. Against the bill I protest, in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertion that grievances are not to be complained of — that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrance cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

The clause which does away with the trial by jury — what, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the Throne itself — that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your Commons assemble. If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, — this infamous bill, — the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated; the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted, — *all* these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph.

Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? O, they will be heard there! — yes, and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation; — they will say, — "We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the Isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!"

I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and to my country. I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it, as harsh, oppressive, uncalled-for, unjust; — as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime; — as tyrannous, — cruelly and vindictively tyrannous!

REPEAL OF THE UNION

DANIEL O'CONNELL

(Hill of Tara, August 15, 1843)

The people of Ireland are cruelly oppressed, and are we tamely to stand by and allow our dearest interests to be trampled upon? Are we not to ask for redress? Yes, we will ask for that which alone will give us redress — a parliament of our own. And you will have it too, if you are quiet and orderly, and join with me in my present struggle. [*Loud cheers.*] Your cheers will be conveyed to England. Yes, the majority of this mighty multitude will be taken there. Old Wellington began by threatening us, and talked of civil war, but he says nothing about it now. He is getting inlet holes made in stone barracks. Now only think of an old general doing such a thing, as if, were there anything going on, the people would attack stone walls! I have heard that a great deal of brandy and biscuits have been sent to the barracks, and I sincerely hope the poor soldiers will get some of them. Your

honest brothers, the soldiers, who have been sent to Ireland, are as orderly and as brave men as any in Ireland. I am sure that not one of you has a single complaint to make against them. If any of you have, say so. [*Loud cries of "No, no!"*] They are the bravest men in the world, and therefore I do not disparage them at all when I state this fact, that if they are sent to make war against the people, I have enough women to beat them. There is no mockery or delusion in what I say. At the last battle for Ireland, when, after two days' hard fighting, the Irish were driven back by the fresh troops brought up by the English to the bridge of Limerick, at that point when the Irish soldiers retired fainting it was, that the women of Limerick threw themselves in the way, and drove the enemy back fifteen, twenty, or thirty paces. Yes, I repeat, I have enough women to beat all the army of Ireland.

On the 2d of January last I called this Repeal year, and I was laughed at for doing so. Are they laughing now? No: it is now my turn to laugh; and I will now say that in twelve months more we shall have our Parliament again on College Green. The Queen has the undoubted prerogative at any time to order her Ministers to issue writs, which,

being signed by the Lord Chancellor, the Irish Parliament would at once be convened without the necessity of applying to the English Legislature to repeal what they appear to consider a valid Act of Union. And if dirty Sugden would not sign the writ, an Irish Chancellor would soon be found who would do so. And if we have our Parliament again in Dublin, is there, I would ask, a coward amongst you who would not rather die than allow it to be taken away by an Act of Union? [*Loud cries of "No one would ever submit to it!" "We'd rather die!"* etc.] To the last man. [*Cries of "To the last man!"*] Let every man who would not allow the Act of Union to pass hold up his hand. [*An immense forest of hands was shown.*] When the Irish Parliament is again assembled, I will defy any power on earth to take it from us again. Are you all ready to obey me in the course of conduct which I have pointed out to you? [*Cries of "Yes, yes!"*] When I dismiss you to-day, will you not disperse and go peaceably to your homes — ["*Yes, yes, we will!*"] — every man, woman, and child? — in the same tranquil manner as you have assembled? ["*Yes, yes!*"] But if I want you again to-morrow, will you not come to Tara Hill? ["*Yes, yes!*"] Remember, I will lead you into no

peril. If danger should arise, it will be in consequence of some persons attacking us, for we are determined not to attack any person. I can almost fancy the spirits of the mighty dead hovering over you, and the ancient kings and chiefs of Ireland, from the clouds, listening to the shouts sent up from Tara for Irish liberty. Oh! Ireland is a lovely land, blessed with the bounteous gifts of nature, and where is the coward who would not die for her? [*Cries of "Not one!"*] Your cheers will penetrate to the extremity of civilization. Our movement is the admiration of the world, for no other country can show so much force with so much propriety of conduct. No other country can show a people assembled for the highest national purposes that can actuate man; can show hundreds of thousands able in strength to carry any battle that ever was fought, and yet separating with the tranquillity of schoolboys. You have stood by me long — stand by me a little longer, and Ireland will be again a nation.

HOME RULE AND "AUTONOMY"

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

(Delivered in the House of Commons, May 10, 1886)

I HAVE cherished, as long as I was able to cherish, the hope that Parliament might, by passing — by the steady and continuous passing — of good measures for Ireland, be able to encounter and dispose of the demand for Home Rule in that manner which obviously can alone be satisfactory. In that hope undoubtedly I was disappointed. I found that we could not reach that desired point. But two conditions have always been absolute and indispensable with me in regard to Home Rule. In the first place, it was absolutely necessary that it should be shown, by marks at once unequivocal and perfectly constitutional, to be the desire of the great mass of the population of Ireland; and I do not hesitate to say that that condition has never been absolutely and unequivocally fulfilled, in a manner to make its fulfilment undeniable, until the occasion of the recent

election. It was open to any one to discuss whether the honorable member for Cork — acting as he acted in the last Parliament, with some forty-five members — it was open to any one to question how far he spoke the sentiments of the Irish population. At any rate, it is quite evident that any responsible man in this country, taking up the question of Home Rule at that time, and urging the belief that it was the desire of the mass of the Irish population, would have been encountered in every quarter of the House with an incredulity that it would have been totally impossible for him to have overcome. Well, I own that to me that question is a settled question. I live in a country of representative institutions; I have faith in representative institutions; and I will follow them out to their legitimate consequences; and I believe it to be dangerous in the highest degree, dangerous to the Constitution of this country and to the unity of the Empire, to show the smallest hesitation about the adoption of that principle. Therefore, that principle for me is settled.

The second question — and it is equally an indispensable condition with the first — is this: Is Home Rule a thing compatible or incompatible with the unity of the Empire? Again and again, as may be in the

recollection of Irish Members, I have challenged, in this House and elsewhere, explanations upon the subject, in order that we might have clear knowledge of what it was they so veiled under the phrase, not exceptionable in itself, but still open to a multitude of interpretations. Well, that question was settled in my mind on the first night of the present session, when the honorable gentleman, the leader of what is termed Nationalist party from Ireland, declared unequivocally that what he sought under the name of Home Rule was autonomy for Ireland. "Autonomy" is a name well known to European law and practice as importing, under a historical signification sufficiently definite for every practical purpose, the management and control of the affairs of the territory to which the word is applied, and as being perfectly compatible with the full maintenance of Imperial unity. If any part of what I have said is open to challenge, it may be challenged by those who read my speeches, and I find that there are many readers of my speeches when there is anything to be got out of them and turned to account. I am quite willing to stand that test, and I believe that what I have said now is the exact and literal and absolute truth as to the state of the case.

What was the cry of those who resisted the conces-

sion of autonomy to Canada? It was the cry which has slept for a long time, and which has acquired vigor from sleeping, — it was the cry with which we are now becoming familiar, — the cry of the unity of the Empire. Well, sir, in my opinion the relation with Canada was one of very great danger to the unity of Empire at one time, but it was the remedy for the mischief and not the mischief itself which was regarded as dangerous to the unity of the Empire. Here I contend that the cases are precisely parallel, and that there is danger to the unity of Empire in your relations with Ireland; but, unfortunately, while you are perfectly right in raising the cry, you are applying the cry and the denunciation to the remedy, whereas you ought to apply it to the mischief.

In those days what happened? In those days, habitually in this House, the mass of the people of Canada were denounced as rebels. Some of them were Protestants and of English and Scotch birth. The majority of them were Roman Catholic and of French extraction. The French rebelled. Was that because they were of French extraction and because they were Roman Catholics? No, sir; for the English of Upper Canada did exactly the same thing. They both of them rebelled, and perhaps I may mention, — if I

may enliven the strain of the discussion for a moment, — that I remember Mr. O'Connell, who often mingled wit and humor with his eloquence in those days when the discussion was going on with regard to Canada, and when Canada was the one dangerous question, — the one question which absorbed interest in this country as the great question of the hour, — when we were engaged in that debate, Mr. O'Connell intervened, and referred to the well-known fact that a French orator and statesman named Papineau had been the promoter and the leader of the agitation in Canada; and what said Mr. O'Connell? He said: "The case is exactly the case of Ireland, with this difference, that in Canada the agitator has got the 'O' at the end of his name instead of at the beginning." Well, these subjects of her Majesty rebelled, — were driven to rebellion and put down. We were perfectly victorious over them, and what then happened? Directly the military victory was assured — as Mr. Burke told the men of the day of the American war — the moment the military victory was assured, the political difficulty began. Did they feel it? They felt it; they gave way to it. The victors were vanquished, for if we were victors in the field, we were vanquished in the arena of reason. We acknowledged that we were vanquished,

and within two years we gave complete autonomy to Canada. And now gentlemen have forgotten this great lesson of history. By saying that the case of Canada has no relation to the case of Ireland, I refer to that little sentence written by Sir Charles Duffy, who himself exhibits in his own person as vividly as anybody the transition from a discontented to a loyal subject. "Canada did not get Home Rule because she was loyal and friendly, but she became loyal and friendly because she got Home Rule."

FROM "IN OPPOSITION TO WRITS OF ASSISTANCE"

JAMES OTIS

(1761)

May it please your honors, I was desired by one of the courts to look into the books, and consider the question now before them concerning writs of assistance. I take this opportunity to declare that, whether under a fee or not (for in such a cause as this I despise a fee), I will to my dying day oppose with all the powers and faculties God has given me all such instruments of slavery on the one hand, and villainy on the other, as this writ of assistance is.

It appears to me the worst instrument of arbitrary power, the most destructive of English liberty and the fundamental principles of law, that ever was found in an English law book. I must, therefore, beg your Honor's patience and attention to the whole range of argument that may, perhaps, appear uncommon in many things, as well as to points of learning that are

more remote and unusual; that the whole tendency of my design may the more easily be perceived, the conclusions better descend, and the force of them be better felt.

I shall not think much of my pains in this cause, as I engaged in it from principle. I was solicited to argue this cause as advocate-general; and because I would not, I have been charged with desertion from my office. To this charge I can give a very sufficient answer. I renounced that office, and I argue this cause from the same principle; and I argue it with the greater pleasure, as it is in favor of British liberty, at a time when we hear the greatest monarch upon earth declaring from his throne that he glories in the name of Briton, and that the privileges of his people are dearer to him than the most valuable prerogatives of his crown; and as it is in opposition to a kind of power, the exercise of which, in former periods of history, cost one king of England his head and another his throne. I have taken more pains in this cause than I ever will take again, although my engaging in this and another popular cause has raised much resentment. But I think I can sincerely declare that I cheerfully submit myself to every odious name for conscience' sake; and from my soul I despise all those

whose guilt, malice, or folly has made them my foes. Let the consequences be what they will, I am determined to proceed. The only principles of public conduct that are worthy of a gentleman or a man are to sacrifice estate, ease, health, and applause, and even life, to the sacred calls of his country.

These manly sentiments, in private life, make the good citizen; in public life, the patriot and the hero. I do not say that when brought to the test, I shall be invincible. I pray God I may never be brought to the melancholy trial; but if ever I should, it will be then known how far I can reduce to practice principles which I know to be founded in truth.

THE CALL TO ARMS

PATRICK HENRY

(1775)

No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony.

The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to

God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not,

sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourself to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all

in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature has placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the

plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

ON AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

SAMUEL ADAMS

(1776)

Our forefathers, 'tis said, consented to be subject to the laws of Great Britain. I will not at the present time dispute it, nor mark out the limits and conditions of their submission; but will it be denied that they contracted to pay obedience and to be under the control of Great Britain because it appeared to them most beneficial in their then present circumstances and situations? Did they contract for us that, with folded arms, we should expect that justice and mercy from brutal and inflamed invaders which have been denied to our supplications at the foot of the throne? Were we to hear our character as a people ridiculed with indifference? Did they promise for us that our meekness and patience should be insulted, our coasts harassed, our towns demolished and plundered, and our wives and offspring exposed to nakedness, hunger, and death, without our feeling the resentment of men,

and exerting those powers of self-preservation which God has given us?

No man had once a greater veneration for Englishmen than I entertained. They were dear to me as branches of the same parental trunk, and partakers of the same religion and laws; I still view with respect the remains of the Constitution as I would a lifeless body which had once been animated by a great and heroic soul. But when I am aroused by the din of arms; when I behold legions of foreign assassins paid by Englishmen to imbrue their hands in our blood; when I tread over the uncoffined bodies of my countrymen, neighbors, and friends; when I see the locks of a venerable father torn by savage hands, and a feeble mother, clasping her infants to her bosom, and on her knees imploring their lives from her own slaves, whom Englishmen have allured to treachery and murder; when I behold my country, once the seat of industry, peace, and plenty, changed by Englishmen to a theatre of blood and misery, Heaven forgive me if I cannot root out those passions which it has implanted in my bosom, and detest submission to a people who have either ceased to be human, or have not virtue enough to feel their own wretchedness and servitude.

Men who content themselves with the semblance of

truth and a display of words talk much of our obligations to Great Britain for protection. Had she a single eye to our advantage? When she defended our coasts, she fought for her customers, and conveyed our ships loaded with wealth, which we had acquired for her by our industry. She has treated us as beasts of burden, whom the lordly masters cherish that they may carry a greater load. Did the protection we received annul our rights as men, and lay us under an obligation of being miserable?

Who among you, my countrymen, that is a father would claim authority to make your child a slave because you had nourished him in infancy?

From the day on which an accommodation takes place between England and America, on any other terms than as independent states, I shall date the ruin of this country. A politic minister will study to lull us into security by granting us the full extent of our petitions. The warm sunshine of influence would melt down the virtue which the violence of the storm rendered more firm and unyielding. In a state of tranquillity, wealth, and luxury, our descendants would forget the arts of war and the noble activity and zeal which made their ancestors invincible. Every art of corruption would be employed to loosen the bond of

union which renders our resistance formidable. When the spirit of liberty, which now animates our hearts and gives success to our arms, is extinct, our numbers will accelerate our ruin and render us easier victims to tyranny. Ye abandoned minions of an infatuated ministry, if peradventure any should yet remain among us, remember that a Warren and Montgomery are numbered among the dead. Contemplate the mangled bodies of your countrymen, and then say, What should be the reward of such sacrifices? Bid us and our posterity bow the knee, supplicate the friendship, and plough, and sow, and reap, to glut the avarice of the men who have let loose on us the dogs of war to riot in our blood and hunt us from the face of the earth? If ye love wealth better than liberty, the tranquillity of servitude than the animating contest of freedom — go from us in peace. We ask not your counsels or arms. Crouch down and lick the hands that feed you. May your chains sit lightly upon you, and may posterity forget that ye were our countrymen!

We have no other alternative than independence, or the most ignominious and galling servitude. The legions of our enemies thicken on our plains; desolation and death mark their bloody career, while the mangled

corpses of our countrymen seem to cry out to us as a voice from heaven.

Our Union is now complete; our Constitution composed, established, and approved. You are now the guardians of your own liberties.

You have now in the field armies sufficient to repel the whole force of your enemies and their base and mercenary auxiliaries. The hearts of your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom; they are animated with the justice of their cause, and while they grasp their swords can look up to Heaven for assistance. Your adversaries are composed of wretches who laugh at the rights of humanity, who turn religion into derision, and would, for higher wages, direct their swords against their leaders or their country. Go on, then, in your generous enterprise with gratitude to Heaven for past success, and confidence of it in the future. For my own part I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and Montgomery, it is that these American states may never cease to be free and independent.

SCORN TO BE SLAVES

JOSEPH WARREN

(From Speech at Boston, March 5, 1777)

None but they who set a *just value upon the blessings of Liberty* are worthy to enjoy her. Your illustrious fathers were her zealous votaries. When the blasting frown of tyranny drove her from public view, they clasped her in their arms; they cherished her in their generous bosoms; they brought her safe over the rough ocean, and fixed her seat in this then dreary wilderness; they nursed her infant age with the most tender care; for her sake, they patiently bore the severest hardships; for her support, they underwent the most rugged toils; in her defence, they boldly encountered the most alarming dangers.

Neither the ravenous beasts that ranged the woods for prey, nor the more furious savages of the wilderness, could damp their ardor! While with one hand they broke the stubborn glebe, with the other they grasped their weapons, ever ready to protect her from

danger. No sacrifice, not even their own blood, was esteemed too rich a libation for her altar! God prospered their valor; they preserved her brilliancy unsullied; they enjoyed her while they lived, and dying, bequeathed the dear inheritance to your care. And as they left you this glorious legacy, they have undoubtedly transmitted to you some portion of their noble spirit, to inspire you with virtue to merit her, and courage to preserve her. You surely cannot, with such examples before your eyes as every page of the history of this country affords, suffer your liberties to be ravished from you by lawless force, or cajoled away by flattery and fraud.

The voice of your fathers' blood calls to you from the ground, *My sons, scorn to be slaves!* In vain we met the frowns of tyrants, — in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of liberty, — in vain we toiled, — in vain we fought, — we bled in vain, if *you*, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders! Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors, but, like them, resolve never to part with your birthright; — be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions, for *the preservation of your liberties.*

RED JACKET ON THE RELIGION OF THE WHITE MAN AND THE RED

(Delivered at a council of the Six Nations after Mr. Cram, a missionary, had spoken of his plans to work among them. 1805)

FRIEND AND BROTHER: It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things; and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly, our ears are unstopped that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and Him only.

Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered

them over the country and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this He had done for His red children because He loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting-ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood.

But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

The white people, brother, had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed.

They also brought strong liquor among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

Brother, our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to His mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us, as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did He not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of rightly understanding it? We only know what you tell us about it, and, having been so often deceived by the white people, how shall we believe what they say?

Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much

about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

Brother, we do not understand these things: we are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to *our* forefathers, and has been handed down to us: it teaches us *to be thankful for all favors received, to love each other, and to be united: we never quarrel about religion.*

Brother, the Great Spirit made us all; but He has made a great difference between His white and His red children: He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you He has given the arts; to these He has not opened our eyes. Since He has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may He not have given us a different religion? The Great Spirit does right: He knows what is best for His children.

Brother, we do not want to destroy your religion, or to take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We will wait a little, and see what effect your preaching has had upon them. If we find

it makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

Brother, you have now heard our answer, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are about to part, we will come and take you by the hand: and we hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.

TECUMSEH TO GOVERNOR HARRISON AT VINCENNES

(1810)

It is true I am a Shawnee. My forefathers were warriors. Their son is a warrior. From them I take only my existence; from my tribe I take nothing. I am the maker of my own fortune; and oh! that I could make that of my red people, and of my country, as great as the conceptions of my mind, when I think of the Spirit that rules the universe. I would not then come to Governor Harrison to ask him to tear the treaty and to obliterate the landmark; but I would say to him, "Sir, you have liberty to return to your own country."

The being within, communing with past ages, tells me that once, nor until lately, there was no white man on this continent; that it then all belonged to red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit that made them, to keep it, to traverse it, to enjoy its productions, and to fill it with the same race, once a happy race, since made miserable by the

white people, who are never contented but always encroaching. The way, and the only way, to check and to stop this evil, is for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first, and should be yet; for it never was divided, but belongs to all for the use of each. For no part has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers — those who want all, and will not do with less.

The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians, because they had it first; it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all is not valid. The late sale is bad. It was made by a part only. Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bargain for all. All red men have equal rights to the unoccupied land. The right of occupancy is as good in one place as in another. There cannot be two occupations in the same place. The first excludes all others. It is not so in hunting or travelling; for there the same ground will serve many, as they may follow each other all day; but the camp is stationary, and that is occupancy. It belongs to the first who sits down on his blanket or skins which he has thrown upon the ground; and till he leaves it, no other has a right.

THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON AND THE STAFF OF FRANKLIN

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

The *Sword of Washington! The Staff of Franklin!* O, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the ploughshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! *Washington* and *Franklin!* What *other* two men whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race, — ever manifesting, amid its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of human-

ity; — in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin! the mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the Charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his

days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic, — these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our Government! And may every American who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

JOSIAH QUINCY

(July 4th Oration)

When we speak of the glory of our fathers, we mean not that vulgar renown to be attained by physical strength, nor yet that higher fame to be acquired by intellectual power. Both often exist without lofty thought, or pure intent, or generous purpose. The glory which we celebrate was strictly of a moral and religious character; righteous as to its ends; just as to its means. The American Revolution had its origin neither in ambition, nor avarice, nor envy, nor in any gross passion; but in the nature and relation of things, and in the thence resulting necessity of separation from the parent state. Its progress was limited by that necessity. During the struggle, our fathers displayed great strength and great moderation of purpose. In difficult times, they conducted with wisdom; in doubtful times, with firmness; in perilous, with courage; under oppressive trials, erect; amid great temptations, un-

seduced; in the dark hour of danger, fearless; in the bright hour of prosperity, faithful.

It was not the instant feeling and pressure of the arm of despotism that roused them to resist, but the *principle* on which that arm was extended They could have paid the *stamp-tax*, and the *tea-tax*, and other impositions of the British government, had they been increased a thousand fold. But *payment* acknowledged the *right;* and they spurned the consequences of that acknowledgment. In spite of those acts they could have lived, and happily; and bought, and sold, and got gain, and been at ease. But they would have held those blessings, on the tenure of dependence on a foreign and distant power; at the mercy of a king, or his minions; or of councils, in which they had no voice, and where their interests could not be represented, and were little likely to be heard. They saw that their prosperity in such case would be precarious, their possessions uncertain, their ease inglorious.

But, above all, they realized that those burdens, though light to them, would, to the coming age, to us, their posterity, be heavy, and probably insupportable. Reasoning on the inevitable increase of interested imposition, upon those who are without power and have none to help, they foresaw that, sooner or later,

desperate struggles must come. They preferred to meet the trial in their *own times*, and to make the sacrifices in their *own persons*. They were willing *themselves* to endure the toil, and to incur the hazard, that we and our descendants, their posterity, might reap the harvest and enjoy the increase.

Generous Men! Exalted Patriots! Immortal Statesmen! For this deep moral and social affection, for this elevated self-devotion, this noble purpose, this bold daring, the multiplying myriads of your posterity, as they thicken along the Atlantic coast, from the St. Croix to the Mississippi, as they spread backwards to the lakes, and from the lakes to the mountains, and from the mountains to the western waters, shall, on this day, annually, in all future time, as we at this hour, come up to the temple of the Most High, with song, and anthem, and thanksgiving, and choral symphony, and hallelujah, to repeat your names.

SUFFERING AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS

EDWARD EVERETT

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy wave. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight,

against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth. — weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut, now, the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? — was it some or all

of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON

EDWARD EVERETT

No, fellow-citizens, we dismiss not Adams and Jefferson to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can *never* die, nor, dying, be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live, — to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched while their senses slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, *can* not die.

To be cold, and motionless, and breathless; to feel not and speak not: this is not the end of existence to

the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless, the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, matured, maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," *these* cannot expire: —

> "These shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away:
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once, can never die."

DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

The Thirtieth Congress assembles in this conjuncture, and the debates are solemn, earnest, and bewildering. Steam and lightning, which have become docile messengers, make the American people listeners to this high debate, and anxiety and interest, intense and universal, absorb them all. Suddenly the council is dissolved. Silence is in the capitol, and sorrow has thrown its pall over the land. What new event is this? Has some Cromwell closed the legislative chambers? or has some Cæsar, returning from his distant conquests, passed the Rubicon, seized the purple, and fallen in the Senate beneath the swords of self-appointed executioners of his country's vengeance? No! Nothing of all this.

What means, then, this abrupt and fearful silence? What unlooked-for calamity has quelled the debates of the Senate, and calmed the excitement of the people? An old man, whose tongue once, indeed, was eloquent, but now, through age, had well-nigh lost its

cunning, has fallen into the swoon of death. He was not an actor in the drama of conquest, nor had his feeble voice yet mingled in the lofty argument, —

> "A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
> Was on the visioned future bent."

In the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of conscript fathers of the republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief space. But it was long enough for him. The re-kindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm, and vigorous. His weeping family, and his sorrowing compeers, were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death, that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him.

But he knew that eternity lay close by the shores of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "This," said the dying man,

"this is the end of earth." He paused for a moment and then added, "I am content." Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene, — a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when in mortal agony, one who spoke as never man spake, said, "It is finished."

TRIBUTE TO THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION

DANIEL WEBSTER

(From Oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1825)

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries are, in our times, compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record, in the same term of years, as since the battle of Bunker Hill, the 17th of June, 1775?

Venerable men! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed above your heads; the same

ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave.

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits, who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole revolutionary army.

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor, from Trenton, and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when, in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me, that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The image of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them!

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our

hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the

circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

(From the Oration)

Let it not be supposed, that our object is to perpetuate national *hostility*, or even to cherish a mere *military* spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of *national* INDEPENDENCE; and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and to our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eyes hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought.

We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class

and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips; and that wearied and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollection which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, may be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute, also, to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his heart who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of this country. Let it rise, till it meets the sun in his coming: let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

LIBERTY AND UNION

DANIEL WEBSTER

(United States Senate, January 26, 1830)

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its

protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recesses behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder.

I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be open what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land

rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

AMERICA'S DUTY TO GREECE

HENRY CLAY

(United States House of Representatives, January 23, 1824)

Mr. Chairman: The resolution proposed provides the means to defray the expense of a mission, whenever the President, who knows, or ought to know, the disposition of all the European Powers, Turkish or Christian, shall deem it proper to send one. The proposition on your table is no proposition for aid, nor for recognition, nor for interference, nor for war.

It has been said that the proposed measure will be a departure from our uniform policy with respect to foreign nations — that it will provoke the ire of the Holy Alliance — and will, in effect, be a repetition of their offence, by an unwarrantable interference with the domestic concerns of other Powers.

If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we draw an humble petition addressed to their majesties, asking them that of their condescension they would allow us to express

something on the subject. How, sir, shall it begin? "We, the Representatives of the free people of the United States of America, humbly approach the Thrones of your Imperial and Royal Majesties, and supplicate that of your Imperial and Royal clemency" — I will not go through the disgusting recital; my lips have not yet learned the sycophantic language of a degraded slave.

Are we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth, or shocked high heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens? If the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that, in this distant extremity, there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings; that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give her but little aid, and that aid purely of a moral kind. It is, indeed, soothing and solacing, in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a people. But, sir, it is principally and mainly for *America* herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

What appearance, sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make: "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold, unfeeling apathy, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States — almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets — while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer, for Grecian success; while the whole continent was rising, by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of heaven to spare Greece, and to invigorate her arms: while temples and senate-

houses were all resounding with one burst of generous sympathy; in the year of our Lord and Saviour, — that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us, — a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies, — and it was rejected!"

Go home, if you dare, — go home, if you can, — to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declarations of your own sentiments; that, you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you; that the spectres of cimeters, and crowns and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberality, by national independence, and by humanity! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feelings of the majority of this House. But for myself, though every friend of the measure should desert it, and I be left to stand alone, with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I would give to the resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

FROM SPEECH ON THE COMPROMISE BILL

HENRY CLAY

(1850)

I HAVE been accused of *ambition* in presenting this measure — *ambition*, inordinate *ambition*. If I had thought of myself *only*, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception both of friends and foes. *Ambition?* If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could.

I have been, heretofore, often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, grovelling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism, — beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement — judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these states, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be.

Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, midst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment, and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not

always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have *ambition* : but it is the *ambition* of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land, — the pleasing *ambition* of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people!

ON THE CLAY COMPROMISE MEASURE

JOHN C. CALHOUN

(Calhoun being ill, the speech was read by another senator, March 4, 1850)

I HAVE, senators, believed from the first that the agitation of the subject of slavery would, if not prevented by some timely and effective measure, end in disunion. Entertaining this opinion, I have, on all proper occasions, endeavored to call the attention of both the two great parties which divide the country to adopt some measure to prevent so great a disaster, but without success. The agitation has been permitted to proceed with almost no attempt to resist it, until it has reached a point when it can no longer be disguised or denied that the Union is in danger. You have thus had forced upon you the greatest and gravest question that can ever come under your consideration: How can the Union be preserved?

To give a satisfactory answer to this mighty question, it is indispensable to have an accurate and thorough

knowledge of the nature and the character of the cause by which the Union is endangered. Without such knowledge it is impossible to pronounce with any certainty, by what measure it can be saved; just as it would be impossible for a physician to pronounce in the case of some dangerous disease, with any certainty, by what remedy the patient could be saved, without similar knowledge of the nature and character of the cause which produced it. The first question, then, presented for consideration in the investigation I propose to make in order to obtain such knowledge is: What is it that has endangered the Union?

To this question there can be but one answer, — that the immediate cause is the almost universal discontent which pervades all the States composing the southern section of the Union. This widely extended discontent is not of recent origin. It commenced with the agitation of the slavery question and has been increasing ever since. The next question, going one step further back, is: What has caused this widely diffused and almost universal discontent?

It is a great mistake to suppose, as it is by some, that it originated with demagogues who excited the discontent with the intention of aiding their personal advancement, or with the disappointed ambition of

certain politicians who resorted to it as the means of retrieving their fortunes.

Some cause far deeper and more powerful than the one supposed must exist, to account for discontent so wide and deep. The question then recurs: What is the cause of this discontent? It will be found in the belief of the people of the Southern States, as prevalent as the discontent itself, that they cannot remain, as things now are, consistently with honor and safety, in the Union. The next question to be considered is: What has caused this belief?

One of the causes is, undoubtedly, to be traced to the long-continued agitation of the slave question on the part of the North, and the many aggressions which they have made on the rights of the South during the time. I will not enumerate them at present, as it will be done hereafter in its proper place.

There is another lying back of it — with which this is intimately connected — that may be regarded as the great and primary cause. This is to be found in the fact that the equilibrium between the two sections in the government as it stood when the Constitution was ratified and the government put in action has been destroyed. At that time there was nearly a perfect equilibrium between the two, which afforded ample

means to each to protect itself against the aggression of the other; but, as it now stands, one section has the exclusive power of controlling the government, which leaves the other without any adequate means of protecting itself against its encroachment and oppression.

The result of the whole is to give the northern section a predominance in every department of the government, and thereby concentrate in it the two elements which constitute the federal government: a majority of states, and a majority of their population, estimated in federal numbers. Whatever section concentrates the two in itself possesses the control of the entire government.

Had this situation been the operation of time without the interference of government, the South would have had no reason to complain; but such was not the fact. It was caused by the legislation of this government, which was appointed as the common agent of all and charged with the protection of the interests and security of all.

The legislation by which it has been effected may be classed under three heads: The first is that series of acts by which the South has been excluded from the common territory belonging to all the states as

members of the federal Union — which have had the effect of extending vastly the portion allotted to the northern section, and restricting within narrow limits the portion left the South. The next consists in adopting a system of revenue and disbursements by which an undue proportion of the burden of taxation has been imposed upon the South, and an undue proportion of its proceeds appropriated to the North.

The United States, since they declared their independence, have acquired 2,373,046 square miles of territory, from which the North will have excluded the South, if she should succeed in monopolizing the newly acquired territories, about three-fourths of the whole, leaving to the South but about one-fourth. Such is the first and great cause that has destroyed the equilibrium between the two sections in the government.

The next is the system of revenue and disbursements which has been adopted by the government. It is well known that the government has derived its revenue mainly from duties on imports. I shall not undertake to show that such duties must necessarily fall mainly on the exporting states, and that the South, as the great exporting portion of the Union, has in reality paid vastly more than her due proportion of the revenue; because I deem it unnecessary, as

the subject has on so many occasions been fully discussed. Nor shall I, for the same reason, undertake to show that a far greater portion of the revenue has been disbursed in the North, than its due share; and that the joint effect of these causes has been to transfer a vast amount from South to North, which, under an equal system of revenue and disbursements, would not have been lost to her. If to this be added that many of the duties were imposed, not for revenue but for protection — that is, intended to put money, not in the Treasury, but directly into the pockets of the manufacturers — some conception may be formed of the immense amount which in the long course of sixty years has been transferred from South to North. There are no data by which it can be estimated with any certainty; but it is safe to say that it amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars. Under the most moderate estimate it would be sufficient to add greatly to the wealth of the North, and thus greatly increase her population by attracting immigration from all quarters to that section.

This, combined with the great primary cause, amply explains why the North has acquired a preponderance in every department of the government by its disproportionate increase of population and states.

There is a question of vital importance to the southern section, in reference to which the views and feelings of the two sections are as opposite and hostile as they can possibly be. I refer to the relation between the two races in the southern section, which constitutes a vital portion of her social organization. Every portion of the North entertains views and feelings more or less hostile to it. Those most opposed and hostile regard it as a sin, and consider themselves under the most sacred obligation to use every effort to destroy it.

Indeed, to the extent that they conceive that they have power, they regard themselves as implicated in the sin, and responsible for not suppressing it by the use of all and every means. Those less opposed and hostile regard it as a crime — an offence against humanity, as they call it, and, although not so fanatical, feel themselves bound to use all efforts to effect the same object; while those who are least opposed and hostile regard it as a blot and a stain on the character of what they call the "nation," and feel themselves accordingly bound to give it no countenance or support. On the contrary, the southern section regards the relation as one which cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to the greatest calamity, and the section to poverty, desolation, and wretchedness;

and accordingly they feel bound by every consideration of interest and safety to defend it.

The South asks for justice, simple justice, and less she ought not to take. She has no compromise to offer but the Constitution, and no concession or surrender to make. She has already surrendered so much that she has little left to surrender. Such a settlement would go to the root of the evil, and remove all cause of discontent, by satisfying the South that she could remain honorably and safely in the Union, and thereby restore the harmony and fraternal feelings between the sections which existed anterior to the Missouri agitation. Nothing else can, with any certainty, finally and forever settle the question at issue, terminate agitation, and save the Union.

But can this be done? Yes, easily; not by the weaker party, for it can of itself do nothing — not even protect itself — but by the stronger. The North has only to will it to accomplish it — to do justice by conceding to the South an equal right in the acquired territory, and to do her duty by causing the stipulations relative to fugitive slaves to be faithfully fulfilled — to cease the agitation of the slave question, and to provide for the insertion of a provision in the Constitution, by an amendment, which will restore to

the South, in substance, the power she possessed of protecting herself before the equilibrium between the sections was destroyed by the action of this government. There will be no difficulty in devising such a provision — one that will protect the South, and which at the same time will improve and strengthen the government instead of impairing and weakening it.

But will the North agree to this? It is for her to answer the question. But, I will say, she cannot refuse it if she has half the love of the Union which she professes to have, or without justly exposing herself to the charge that her love of power and aggrandizement is far greater than her love of the Union. At all events the responsibility of saving the Union rests on the North, and not on the South. The South cannot save it by any act of hers, and the North may save it without any sacrifice whatever, unless to do justice and to perform her duties under the Constitution should be regarded by her as a sacrifice.

It is time, senators, that there should be an open and manly avowal on all sides as to what is intended to be done. If you who represent the stronger portion cannot agree to settle them on the broad principle of justice and duty, say so; and let the states we both represent agree to separate and part in peace.

If you are unwilling we should part in peace, tell us so; and we shall know what to do when you reduce the question to submission or resistance. If you remain silent, you will compel us to infer by your acts what you intend. In that case California will become the test question. If you admit her under all the difficulties that oppose her admission, you compel us to infer that you intend to exclude us from the whole of the acquired territories, with the intention of destroying irretrievably the equilibrium between the two sections. We should be blind not to perceive in that case that your real objects are power and aggrandizement, and infatuated, not to act accordingly.

I have now, senators, done my duty in expressing my opinions fully, freely, and candidly on this solemn occasion. In doing so I have been governed by the motives which have governed me in all the stages of the agitation of the slavery question since its commencement. I have exerted myself during the whole period to arrest it, with the intention of saving the Union if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section where it has pleased providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the Constitution on its side.

Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility.

ON DANIEL WEBSTER AFTER THE COMPROMISE OF 1850

THEODORE PARKER

(From an address at the Melodeon in Boston, October 31, 1852)

Do men mourn for him, the great man eloquent? I put on sackcloth long ago. I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the seventh of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, and the same cannon that had fired "minute guns" for him fired also one hundred rounds of joy for the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him, when the kidnappers first came to Boston — hated then — now respectable men, the companions of princes, enlarging their testimony in the court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the "stripes" of New England to the "stars" of Old England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succor, and for the first time in all my life, I armed this

hand. I mourned when the court-house was hung in chains, when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword to keep that soul living, and in a living frame. I mourned when the poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and, when I took him by the hand that Daniel Webster was chaining in that house. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sung our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's gray. I mourned then, I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets, the cannons will sound their other notes of joy, but for me I shall go mourning all my days. I shall refuse to be comforted, and at last I shall lay down my gray hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. O, Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee!

He was a great man, a man of the largest mould, a great body and a great brain, he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massive, so huge — seldom such a face since the stormy features of Michael Angelo — he who sculptured Day and Night into such

beautiful forms, — he looked them in his face before he chiselled them in stone. In the Senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's sweetness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes! like charcoal fire in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fires, great passions, and great thoughts.

You remember the last time he spoke in Boston — the procession, last summer. You remember it well. What a sad and careworn countenance was that of the old man, welcomed with their mockery of applause! You remember when the orator, wise-headed and friendly hearted, came to thank him for his services, he said not a word of saving the Union, of the compromise measures, not a word; but for his own great services he thanked him.

And when Webster replied, he said: "Here in Boston I am not disowned — at least here I am not disowned." No, Daniel Webster! you were not disowned in Boston. So long as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you shall never be disowned.

It was by our sin, by Boston's sin, that the great man fell! I pity his victims; you pity them too. But I pity him more; oh, far more. Pity the oppressed, will you? Will you not pity the oppressor in his sin?

Look there. See that face, so manly strong, so maiden meek. Hear that voice: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more." Listen to the last words of the crucified: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall — it was last June, the sick old man — it was Faneuil Hall open; once it had been shut — you remember the feeble look and the sad face. I felt then that it was his last time, and forbore to look upon that saddened countenance. The last time he was in the Senate, it was to hear his successor speak. He stayed an hour, and heard Charles Sumner demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave Bill was not good religion, nor good morality, nor good constitution, nor good law.

He came home to Boston and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of state, went home — to die! To him, to die was gain; life was the only loss. His friends were about him; his dear ones — his wife, his son (the last of

six children he had loved). Name by name he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two colored servants of his were there — men that he had bought out of slavery and had blessed with freedom and life. They watched over the bedside of the dying man. The kindly doctor thought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill, and when that failed, he gave the great man a little manna that fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and the shepherd David gathered it up and kept it in a psalm: —

"The Lord is my shepherd. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And the great man faltered out his last words: "That is what I want — thy rod, thy rod; thy staff, thy staff." That great heart had never renounced God. Oh, no! it had scoffed at his "higher law," but in the heart of hearts there was religion still!

Just four years after his great speech, on the twenty-fourth of October, the mortal Daniel Webster went down to the dust, and the soul to the motherly bosom of God! Men mourn for him; he heeds it not. He needs not pity. The great man has gone

where the servant is free from his master: where the weary are at rest; where the wicked cease from troubling.

Massachusetts has lost her great adopted son. Has lost! Oh, no! "I still live" is truer than the sick man knew.

His memory will long live with us, still dear to many a loving heart.

What honor shall we pay? Let the state go out mindful of his noblest services, yet tearful for his fate, sad that he would fain have filled him with the husks the swine do eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful let her remember the force of circumstance and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he yielded to, and what his sin, God knows what also he resisted, and he alone knows who the sinner is. The dear old mother of us all! Oh, let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them, every one, that there is a God who must, indeed, be worshipped and a higher law of God which must be kept though gold and Union fail. Then let her say to them: "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye and take your journey into the land of Freedom, which the Lord your God giveth you!"

EULOGY OF WEBSTER

RUFUS CHOATE

(1853)

In looking over the public remains of the oratory of Webster, it is striking to remark how, even in that most sober and massive understanding and nature, you see gathered and expressed the characteristic sentiments and the passing time of our America. It is the strong old oak which ascends before you; yet our soil, our heaven, are attested in it as perfectly as if it were a flower that could grow in no other climate and in no other hour of the year or day. Let me instance in one thing only. It is a peculiarity of some schools of eloquence that they embody and utter, not merely the individual genius and character of the speaker, but a national consciousness — a national era, a mood, a hope, a dread, a despair — in which you listen to the spoken history of the time. There is an eloquence of an expiring nation, such as seems to sadden the glorious speech of Demosthenes; such as breathes

grand and gloomy from the visions of the prophets of the last days of Israel and Judah; such as gave a spell to the expression of Grattan and of Kossuth — the sweetest, most mournful, most awful of the words which man may utter, or which man may hear — the eloquence of a perishing nation.

There is another eloquence, in which the national consciousness of a young or renewed and vast strength, of trust in a dazzling, certain, and limitless future, an inward glorying in victories yet to be won, sounds out as by voice of clarion, challenging to contest for the highest prize of earth; such as that in which the leader of Israel in its first days holds up to the new nation the Land of Promise; such as that which in the well-imagined speeches scattered by Livy over the history of the "majestic series of victories" speaks the Roman consciousness of growing aggrandizement which should subject the world; such as that through which, at the tribunes of her revolution, in the bulletins of her rising soldiers, France told to the world her dream of glory.

And of this kind somewhat is ours — cheerful, hopeful, trusting, as befits youth and spring; the eloquence of a state beginning to ascend to the first class of power, eminence, and consideration, and conscious of

itself. It is to no purpose that they tell you it is in bad taste; that it partakes of arrogance and vanity; that a true national good breeding would not know, or seem to know, whether the nation is old or young; whether the tides of being are in their flow or ebb; whether these coursers of the sun are sinking slowly to rest, wearied with a journey of a thousand years, or just bounding from the Orient unbreathed. Higher laws than those of taste determine the consciousness of nations. Higher laws than those of taste determine the general forms of the expression of that consciousness. Let the downward age of America find its orators and poets and artists to erect its spirit, or grace and soothe its dying; be it ours to go up with Webster to the Rock, the Monument, the Capitol, and bid "the distant generations hail!"

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

WENDELL PHILLIPS

If I stood here to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards, — men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army until he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military

schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishmen showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to this negro. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen, — the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, — the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen, — their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the

English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro, — rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons, — anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

ON THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS

CHARLES SUMNER

(1856)

You are now called to redress a great transgression. Seldom in the history of nations has such a question been presented, involving, as it does, liberty in a broad territory, and also involving the peace of the whole country, with our good name in history for evermore.

Take down your map, sir, and you will find that the territory of Kansas, more than any other region, occupies the middle spot of North America, equally distant from the Atlantic on the east, and the Pacific on the west; from the frozen waters of Hudson's Bay on the north, and the tepid Gulf Stream on the south, constituting the precise territorial centre of the whole vast continent. To such advantages of situation on the very highway between two oceans, are added a soil of unsurpassed richness, and a fascinating, undulating beauty of surface, with a health-giving climate, calculated to nurture a powerful and generous people,

worthy to be a central pivot of American institutions. A few short months only have passed since this spacious and mediterranean country was open only to the savage who ran wild in its woods and prairies; and now it has already drawn to its bosom a population of freemen larger than Athens crowded within her historic gates, when her sons, under Miltiades, won liberty for mankind on the field of Marathon; more than Sparta contained when she ruled Greece, and sent forth her devoted children, quickened by a mother's benediction, to return with their shields, or on them; more than Rome gathered on her seven hills, when, under her kings, she commenced that sovereign sway, which afterward embraced the whole earth; more than London held, when, on the fields of Crecy and Agincourt, the English banner was carried victoriously over the chivalrous hosts of France.

Against this territory, thus fortunate in position and population, a crime has been committed, which is without example in the records of the past. Not in plundered provinces or in the cruelties of selfish governors will you find its parallel; and yet there is an ancient instance, which may show at least the path of justice. In the terrible impeachment by which the great Roman orator has blasted through all time the

name of Verres, amid charges of robbery and sacrilege, the enormity which most aroused the indignant voice of his accuser, and which still stands forth with strongest distinctness, arresting the sympathetic indignation of all who read the story, is, that away in Sicily he had scourged a citizen of Rome — that the cry, "I am a Roman citizen," had been interposed in vain against the lash of the tyrant governor. Other charges were that he had carried away productions of art, and that he had violated the sacred shrines. It was in the presence of the Roman Senate that this arraignment proceeded; in a temple of the Forum; amid crowds — such as no orator had ever before drawn together — thronging the porticos and colonnades, even clinging to the housetops and neighboring slopes — and under the anxious gaze of witnesses summoned from the scene of crime.

But an audience grander far — of higher dignity — of more various people, and of wider intelligence — the countless multitude of succeeding generations, in every land where eloquence has been studied, or where the Roman name has been recognized — has listened to the accusation, and throbbed with condemnation of the criminal. Sir, speaking in an age of light, and a land of constitutional liberty, where the safeguards of

elections are justly placed among the highest triumphs of civilization, I fearlessly assert that the wrongs of much-abused Sicily, thus memorable in history, were small by the side of the wrongs of Kansas, where the very shrines of popular institutions, more sacred than any heathen altar, have been desecrated; where the ballot-box, more precious than any work in ivory or marble, from the cunning hand of art, has been plundered; and where the cry, "I am an American citizen," has been interposed in vain against outrage of every kind, even upon life itself. Are you against sacrilege? I present it for your execration. Are you against robbery? I hold it up to your scorn. Are you for the protection of American citizens? I show you how their dearest rights have been cloven down, while a tyrannical usurpation has sought to install itself on their very necks!

ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF PEACE

CHARLES SUMNER

Tell me not, then, of the homage which the world yet offers to the military chieftain. Tell me not of the "glory" of War. Tell me not of the "honor" or "fame" won on its murderous fields. All is vanity. It is a blood-red phantom, sure to fade and disappear. They, who strive after it, Ixion-like, embrace a cloud. Though seeming for a while to fill the heavens, cloaking the stars, it must, like the vapors of earth, pass away.

Milton likens the early contests of the Heptarchy to the skirmishes of crows and kites; but God, and the exalted Christianity of the Future, must regard all the bloody feuds of men in the same likeness; looking upon Napoleon and Alexander, so far as they were engaged in war, only as monster crows and kites. Thus shall it be, as mankind ascend from the thrall of brutish passions. Nobler aims, by nobler means, shall fill the soul. A new standard of excellence shall prevail; and honor, divorced from all deeds of blood,

shall become the inseparable attendant of good works alone. Far better, then, shall it be, even in the judgment of this world, to have been a door-keeper in the house of Peace, than the proudest dweller in the tents of War.

There is a legend of the early Church, that the Saviour left his image miraculously impressed upon a napkin which he had placed upon his countenance. The napkin was lost, and men attempted to portray that countenance from the heathen models of Jupiter and Apollo. But the image of Christ is not lost to the world. Clearer than in the precious napkin, clearer than in the colors or the marble of modern art, it appears in every virtuous deed, in every act of self-sacrifice, in all magnanimous toil, in every recognition of the Brotherhood of Mankind.

It shall yet be supremely manifest, in unimagined loveliness and serenity, when the Commonwealth of Nations, confessing the True Grandeur of Peace, shall renounce the wickedness of the War system, and dedicate to labors of Beneficence all the comprehensive energies now so fatally absorbed in its support. Then, at least, shall it be seen, that *there can be no Peace that is not honorable, and there can be no War that is not dishonorable.*

GLORY OF ARMS

CHARLES SUMNER

Whatever may be the judgment of poets, of moralists, of satirists, or even of soldiers, it is certain that the glory of arms still exercises no mean influence over the minds of men. The art of war, which has been happily termed by a French divine, the baleful art by which men learn to exterminate one another, is yet held, even among Christians, to be an honorable pursuit; and the animal courage, which it stimulates and develops, is prized as a transcendent virtue. It will be for another age, and a higher civilization, to appreciate the more exalted character of the art of benevolence, — the art of extending happiness and all good influences, by word or deed, to the largest number of mankind, — which, in blessed contrast with the misery, the degradation, the wickedness of war, shall shine resplendent, the true grandeur of peace. All then will be willing to join with the early poet in saying at least: —

"Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age."

Then shall the soul thrill with a nobler heroism than that of battle. Peaceful industry, with untold multitudes of cheerful and beneficent laborers, shall be its gladsome token. Literature, full of sympathy and comfort for the heart of man, shall appear in garments of purer glory than she has yet assumed. Science shall extend the bounds of knowledge and power, adding unimaginable strength to the hands of man, opening innumerable resources in the earth, and revealing new secrets and harmonies in the skies. Art, elevated and refined, shall lavish fresh streams of beauty and grace. Charity, in streams of milk and honey, shall diffuse itself among all the habitations of the world.

Does any one ask for the signs of this approaching era? The increasing beneficence and intelligence of our own day, the broad-spread sympathy with human suffering, the widening thoughts of men, the longings of the heart for a higher condition on earth, the unfulfilled promises of Christian progress, are the auspicious auguries of this happy future. As early voyagers over untried realms of waste, we have already observed the signs of land. The green twig and fresh red berry

have floated by our bark; the odors of the shore fan our faces; nay, we may seem to descry the distant gleam of light, and hear from the more earnest observers, as Columbus heard, after midnight, from the mast head of the *Pinta*, the joyful cry of Land! Land! and lo! a new world broke upon his early morning gaze.

THE FIRST DEBATE WITH LINCOLN

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

(Ottawa, Ill., August 21, 1858)

In 1854 Mr. Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Lyman Trumbull entered into an arrangement, one with the other, and each with his respective friend to dissolve the old Whig party on the one hand, and to dissolve the old Democratic party on the other, and to connect the members of both into an Abolition party, under the name and disguise of a Republican party. The terms of that arrangement between Lincoln and Trumbull have been published by Lincoln's special friend, James H. Matheny, Esq., and they were that Lincoln should have General Shield's place in the United States Senate, which was then about to become vacant, and that Trumbull should have my seat when my term expired. Lincoln went to work to abolitionize the old Whig party all over the state, pretending that he was then as good a Whig as ever; and Trumbull went to work in his part of the state preaching abolitionism

in its milder and lighter form, and trying to abolitionize the Democratic party, and bring old Democrats handcuffed and bound hand and foot into the Abolition camp. In pursuance of the arrangement, the parties met at Springfield in October, 1854, and proclaimed their new platform. Lincoln was to bring into the Abolition camp the old-time Whigs, and transfer them over to Giddings, Chase, Fred Douglass, and Parson Lovejoy, who were ready to receive them and christen them in their new faith.

I desire to know whether Mr. Lincoln to-day stands as he did in 1854, in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to-day, as he did in 1854, against the admission of any more slave states into the Union, even if the people want them. I want to know whether he stands pledged against the admission of a new state into the Union with such a Constitution as the people of that state may see fit to make. I want to know whether he stands to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to the prohibition of the slave-trade between the different states. I desire to know whether he stands pledged to prohibit slavery in all the territories of the United

States, north as well as south of the Missouri compromise line. I desire him to answer whether he is opposed to the acquisition of any more territory unless slavery is prohibited therein. I want his answer to these questions. Your affirmative cheers in favor of this Abolition party are not satisfactory.

I have a right to an answer, for I quote from the platform of the Republican party, made by himself and others at the time that party was formed, and the bargain made by Lincoln to dissolve and kill the old Whig party, and transfer its members, bound hand and foot, to the Abolition party under the directions of Giddings and Fred Douglass.

In the remarks I have made on this platform, and the position of Mr. Lincoln upon it, I mean nothing personally disrespectful or unkind to that gentleman. I have known him for nearly twenty-five years. There were many points of sympathy between us when we first got acquainted. We were both comparatively boys, and both struggling with poverty in a strange land. I was a school-teacher in the town of Winchester, and he a flourishing grocery-keeper in the town of Salem. He was more successful in his occupation than I was in mine, and hence more fortunate in this world's goods. Lincoln is one of those peculiar men who per-

form with admirable skill everything which they undertake. I made as good a school-teacher as I could, and when a cabinet-maker I made a good bedstead and tables, although my old boss said I succeeded better with bureaus and secretaries than with anything else; but I believe that Lincoln always was more successful in business than I, for his business enabled him to get into the Legislature.

I met him there, however, and had sympathy with him, because of the uphill struggle we both had in life. He was then just as good at telling an anecdote as now. He could beat any of the boys wrestling, or running a foot-race, in pitching quoits, or tossing a copper; could ruin more liquor than all the boys of the town together, and the dignity and impartiality with which he presided at a horse race or fist-fight excited the admiration and won the praise of everybody that was present and participated. I sympathized with him because he was struggling with difficulties, and so was I. Mr. Lincoln served with me in the Legislature in 1836 when we both retired, and he subsided, or became submerged, and was lost sight of as a public man for some years.

Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, Jay, and the great men of that day made this government di-

vided into free states and slave states, and left each state perfectly free to do as it pleased on the subject of slavery. Why can it not exist on the same principles on which our fathers made it? They knew when they framed the Constitution that in a country as wide and broad as this, with such a variety of climate, production, and interest, the people necessarily required different laws and regulations; what would suit the granite-hills of New Hampshire would be unsuited to the rice-plantations of South Carolina, and they therefore provided that each state should retain its own Legislature and its own sovereignty, with the full and complete power to do as it pleased within its own limits, in all that was local and not national.

One of the reserved rights of the states was the right to regulate the relations between master and servant, on the slavery question. At the time the Constitution was framed, there were thirteen states in the Union, twelve of which were slaveholding states and one a free state. Suppose this doctrine of uniformity preached by Mr. Lincoln, that the states should all be free or all be slave, had prevailed. What would have been the result? Of course, the twelve slaveholding states would have overruled the one free state, and slavery would have fastened by a constitutional provi-

sion on every inch of the American Republic, instead of being left, as our fathers wisely left it, to each state to decide for itself.

I ask you, are you in favor of conferring upon a negro the rights and privileges of citizenship? Do you desire to turn this beautiful state into a free negro colony, in order when Missouri abolishes slavery she can send one hundred thousand emancipated slaves into Illinois, to become citizens and voters, on an equality with yourselves? If you desire negro citizenship; if you desire to allow them to come into the state and settle with the white man; if you desire them to vote on an equality with yourselves, and to make them eligible to office, to serve on juries, and to adjudge your rights, — then support Mr. Lincoln and the Black Republican party, who are in favor of the citizenship of the negro. For one, I am opposed to negro citizenship in any and every form. I believe this government was made on the white basis. I believe it was made by white men for the benefit of white men and their posterity forever; and I am in favor of confining citizenship to white men, men of European birth and descent, instead of conferring it upon negroes, Indians, and other inferior races.

I do not question Mr. Lincoln's conscientious be-

lief that the negro was made his equal, and hence is his brother; but for my own part, I do not regard the negro as my equal and positively deny that he is my brother or any kin to me whatever.

Now, I do not believe that the Almighty ever intended the negro to be the equal of the white man. If He did, He has been a long time demonstrating the fact. He belongs to an inferior race, and must always occupy an inferior position. I do not hold that because the negro is our inferior therefore he ought to be a slave. By no means can such a conclusion be drawn from what I have said. On the contrary, I hold that humanity and Christianity both require that the negro shall have and enjoy every right, every privilege, and every immunity consistent with the safety of the society in which he lives. The Republicans say that he ought to be made a citizen, and when he becomes a citizen, he becomes your equal, with all your rights and privileges. They assert the Dred Scott decision to be monstrous because it denies that the negro is or can be a citizen under the Constitution.

Now, I hold that Illinois had a right to abolish and prohibit slavery as she did, and I hold that Kentucky has the same right to continue and protect slavery

that Illinois had to abolish it. I hold that New York had as much right to abolish slavery as Virginia has to continue it, and that each and every state of this Union is a sovereign power, with the right to do as it pleases upon the question of slavery, and upon all its domestic institutions. Slavery is not the only question which comes up in this controversy. There is a far more important one to you, and that is, what shall be done with the free negro? We have settled the slavery question as far as we are concerned; we have prohibited it in Illinois forever, and in doing so, I think we have done wisely, and there is no man in the state who would be more strenuous in his opposition to the introduction of slavery than I would; but when we settled it for ourselves, we exhausted all our power over that subject. We have done our whole duty, and can do no more. We must leave each and every other state to decide for itself the same question.

Mr. Lincoln and the Republican party set themselves up as wiser than the men that made the government, which has flourished for seventy years under the principle of popular sovereignty, recognizing the right of each state to do as it pleased.

Under that principle we have grown from a nation of three or four millions to a nation of about thirty

millions of people; we have crossed the Alleghany Mountains and filled up the whole Northwest, turning the prairies into a garden, and building up churches and schools, thus spreading civilization and Christianity where before there was nothing but savage barbarism. Under that principle we have become, from a feeble nation, the most powerful on the face of the earth, and if we only adhere to that principle, we can go forward increasing in territory, in power, in strength, and in glory until the Republic of America shall be the north star that shall guide the friends of freedom throughout the civilized world. And why can we not adhere to the great principle of self-government upon which our institutions were originally based? I believe that this new doctrine preached by Mr. Lincoln and his party will dissolve the Union if it succeeds.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN BROWN

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

(1859)

God forbid that we should any longer continue the accomplices of thieves and robbers, of men-stealers and women-whippers! We must join in the name of freedom. As for the Union — where is it and what is it? In one half of it no man can exercise freedom of speech or the Press — no man can utter the words of Washington, of Jefferson, of Patrick Henry — except at the peril of his life, and Northern men are everywhere hunted and driven from the South, if they are supposed to cherish the sentiment of freedom in their bosoms. We are living under an awful despotism — that of a brutal slave oligarchy. And they threaten to leave us, if we do not continue to do their work, as we have hitherto done it, and go down in the dust before them! Would to heaven they would go! It would only be the paupers clearing out from the town,

would it not? But no, they do not mean to go; they mean to cling to you and they mean to subdue you.

But will you be subdued? I tell you our work is the dissolution of this slavery-cursed Union, if we would have a fragment of our liberties left to us! Surely between freemen, who believe in exact justice and impartial liberty, and slaveholders, who are for cleaving down all human rights at a blow, it is not possible there should be any union whatever. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" The slaveholder with his hands dripping in blood — will I make a compact with him? The man who plunders cradles — will I say to him: "Brother, let us walk together in unity?" The man who, to gratify his lust or his anger, scourges woman with the lash till the soil is red with her blood — will I say to him: "Give me your hand; let us form a glorious Union"? No, never — never! There can be no union between us. "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" What union has freedom with slavery? Let us tell the inexorable and remorseless tyrants of the South that their conditions hitherto imposed upon us, whereby we are morally responsible for the existence of slavery, are horribly inhuman and wicked, and we cannot carry them out for the sake of their evil company.

By the dissolution of the Union we shall give the finishing blow to the slave system; and then God will make it possible for us to form a true, vital, enduring, all-embracing Union from the Atlantic to the Pacific — one God to be worshipped, one Saviour to be revered, one policy to be carried out — freedom everywhere to all the people without regard to complexion or race — and the blessing of God resting upon us all! I want to see that glorious day! Now the South is full of tribulation and terror and despair, going down to irretrievable bankruptcy, and fearing each bush an officer! Would to God it might all pass away like a hideous dream! And how easily it might be! What is it that God requires of the South, to remove every root of bitterness, to allay every fear, to fill her borders with prosperity? But one simple act of justice, without violence and convulsion, without danger and hazard. It is this: "Undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free!"

How simple and how glorious! It is the complete solution of all the difficulties in the case. Oh that the South may be wise before it is too late, and give heed to the word of the Lord! But whether she will hear or forbear, let us renew our pledges to the cause of bleeding humanity, and spare no effort to make this

truly the land of the free and the refuge of the oppressed!

"Onward, then, ye fearless band,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
Yours shall be the Christian stand,
Or the martyr's grave."

SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(November 15, 1863)

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget

what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE MARTYR PRESIDENT

HENRY WARD BEECHER

(Brooklyn, April 15, 1865)

THERE is no historic figure more noble than that of Moses the Jewish law-giver. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of state for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, guided their steps, or dwelt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness; had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march, and led them in wars, until the end of their labors drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan only lay between them and the promised land. Then came the word of the Lord unto him, "Thou mayest not go over: Get thee up into the mountain, look upon it, and die."

From that silent summit, the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between the hills. With eager longing,

with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. It was a moment's anguish. He forgot all his personal wants, and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled.

Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people? Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking at home. Upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of his people as by fire.

At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their

forms from out the darkness; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land. Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul.

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. In one hour it lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, dishevelling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow — noon and midnight, without a space between.

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so

terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief: this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his

pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums, sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, oh Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

THE "PLUMED KNIGHT"

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

(1876, Nominating James G. Blaine for President)

MASSACHUSETTS may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Bristow — so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention cannot carry the state of Massachusetts, I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that state. If the nominee of this convention cannot carry the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts by seventy-five thousand majority, I would advise them to sell out Faneuil Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intellect, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinion. They demand a statesman. They demand a reformer after, as well as before, the election. They demand a politician in the highest and broadest and best sense of that word. They demand

a man acquainted with public affairs — with the wants of the people — with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future.

They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties, and prerogatives of each and every department of this government.

They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States — one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people. One who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar. One who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor. One who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together. When they come, they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindle and the turning wheel; hand in hand past the open furnace

doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire by the hands of the countless sons of toil. This money has got to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political meeting.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will defend its defenders and will not protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a Confederate Congress. The man who has in full-heaped and rounded measure all of these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party — James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvellous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of her past — prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brains beneath the flag. That man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host led by that intrepid man there can be no such thing as defeat.

This is a grand year — a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the sacred past; filled with the legends of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which we call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander — a man who has snatched the mask of democracy from the hideous face of rebellion — a man who, like an intellectual athlete, stood in the arena of debate, challenged all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lances full and fair against the brazen foreheads of every defamer of his country and maligner of its honor.

For the Republican party to desert a gallant man now is worse than if an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now, and has been for years, the

bearer of the sacred standard of the Republic. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its fold without becoming, and without remaining, free.

Gentlemen of the Convention, in the name of the great Republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers who died upon the field of the battle; and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so eloquently remembers, Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders — James G. Blaine.

AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

(1879)

My Friends: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but, being weary for a moment, lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken

ship. For, whether in midsea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jewelled with a joy, will at its close become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice all place a temple, and all seasons, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were

every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his last breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now to you who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no greater, stronger, manlier man.

SPEECH NOMINATING SHERMAN FOR PRESIDENT

JAMES A. GARFIELD

(Republican National Convention, 1880)

I HAVE witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this convention with deep solicitude. Nothing touches my heart more quickly than a tribute of honor to a great and noble character; but as I sat in my seat and witnessed this demonstration, this assemblage seemed to me a human ocean in tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its peaceful surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which they measure all terrestrial heights and depths.

Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When your enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find below the storm and passion that calm level of public opinion from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which final action will be determined.

Not here, in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are gathered, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed for the next four years. Not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates, waiting to cast their lots into the urn and determine the choice of the Republic, but by four millions of Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and reverence for the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by, burning in their hearts, — there God prepares the verdict which will determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heat of June, but at the ballot-boxes of the Republic, in the quiet of November, after the silence of deliberate judgment, will

this question be settled. And now, gentlemen of the convention, what do we want?[1]

Bear with me a moment. "Hear me for my cause," and for a moment "be silent that you may hear."

Twenty-five years ago this Republic was bearing and wearing a triple chain of bondage. Long familiarity with traffic in the bodies and souls of men had paralyzed the consciences of a majority of our people; the narrowing and disintegrating doctrine of state sovereignty had shackled and weakened the noblest and most beneficent powers of the national government; and the grasping power of slavery was seizing upon the virgin territories of the West, and dragging them into the den of eternal bondage.

At that crisis the Republican party was born. It drew its first inspiration from that fire of liberty which God has lighted in every human heart, and which all the powers of ignorance and tyranny can never wholly extinguish. The Republican party came to deliver and to save. It entered the arena where the beleaguered and assailed territories were struggling for freedom, and drew around them the sacred circle of liberty, which the demon of slavery has never dared to cross. It made them free forever.

[1] At this point a voice called out: "We want Garfield."

Then came the question of reconstruction, the national debt, and the keeping of the public faith. In the settlement of these questions, the Republican party has completed its twenty-five years of glorious existence, and it has sent us here to prepare it for another lustrum of duty and of victory. How shall we accomplish this great work? We cannot do it, my friends, by assailing our Republican brethren. God forbid that I should say one word, or cast one shadow, upon any name on the roll of our heroes. The coming fight is our Thermopylæ. We are standing upon a narrow isthmus. If our Spartan hosts are united, we can withstand all the Persians that the Xerxes of Democracy can bring against us. Let us hold our ground this one year, and then "the stars in their courses" will fight for us. The census will bring reënforcements and continued power.

But in order to win victory now, we want the vote of every Republican — of every Grant Republican, and every anti-Grant Republican, in America — of every Blaine man and every anti-Blaine man. The vote of every follower of every candidate is needed to make success certain. Therefore, I say, gentlemen and brethren, we are here to take calm counsel together, and inquire what we shall do.

We want a man whose life and opinions embody all the achievements of which I have spoken.

Now, gentlemen, I am about to present a name for your consideration; a man who began his career of public service twenty-five years ago. You ask for his monument. I point you to twenty-five years of national statutes. Not one great, beneficent law has been placed on our statute-books without his intelligent and powerful aid. His hand was in all that great legislation that created the war currency, and in all the still greater work that redeemed the promises of the government and made the currency equal to gold.

When at last he passed from the halls of legislation into a high executive office, he displayed that experience, intelligence, firmness, and poise of character, which have carried us through a stormy period of three years, with one-half the public Press crying "Crucify him!" and a hostile Congress seeking to prevent success. In all this he remained unmoved until victory crowned him. The great fiscal affairs of the nation, and the vast business interests of the country, he guarded and preserved while executing the law of resumption, and effected its object without a jar and against the false prophecies of one-half of the Press and of all the Democratic party.

He has shown himself able to meet with calmness the great emergencies of the government. For twenty-five years he has trodden the perilous heights of public duty, and against all the shafts of malice has borne his breast unharmed. He has stood in the blaze of "that fierce light that beats against the throne"; but its fiercest ray has found no flaw in his armor, no stain upon his shield. I do not present him as a better Republican or a better man than thousands of others that we honor; but I present him for your deliberate and favorable consideration. I nominate John Sherman, of Ohio.

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD

JAMES G. BLAINE

(Extract from a speech delivered in Congress, February 26, 1882)

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, 1881, President Garfield was a contented and happy man — not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. And surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no premonition of danger clouded his sky. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its

hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death — and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had become to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic mean-

ing which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

THE NEW SOUTH

HENRY W. GRADY

(New England Society, New York. December 22, 1886)

"THERE was a South of slavery and secession — that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom — that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood, and the traditions of my people. I would not, if I could, dim the glory they won in peace and war, or by word or deed take aught from the splendor and grace of their civilization, never equalled, and perhaps never to be equalled in its chivalric strength and grace. There is a new South, not through protest against the old, but because of new

conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations.

Doctor Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory — in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home? Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865.

Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and faithful journey. What does he find — let me ask you who went to your homes

eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence, — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely, God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plough; and the fields that ran

red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city. Somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect Democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement — a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamoured of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest

purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills — a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England — from Plymouth Rock all the way — would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the feet of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God

held the balance of battle in His Almighty Hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat — sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms — speaking an eloquent witness, in its white peace and prosperity, to the indissoluble union of American states and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpet-

uate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision on which the last sign of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

HENRY W. GRADY

(Elberton, Ga., June, 1889)

I WENT to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a Republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the convenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days afterward, I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about

with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed, in steady measure, every newcomer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds, and the old open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, holding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep, patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night come down on that home, falling gently as from the wings of an unseen dove, and the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees shrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky, got the family around him, and taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's blessing on that family and that home. And while I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said: "O surely, here in the hearts of the people, at least, are lodged the strength and responsibilities of this government, the hope and promise of this Republic."

HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS

BENJAMIN HARRISON

(1889)

Surely I do not misinterpret the spirit of the occasion when I assume that the whole body of the people covenant with me and with each other to-day to support and defend the Constitution and the union of the states, to yield willing obedience to all the laws and each to every other citizen his equal civil and political rights. Entering thus solemnly into covenant with each other, we may reverently invoke and confidently expect the favor and help of Almighty God — that he will give to me wisdom, strength, and fidelity, and to our people a spirit of fraternity and a love of righteousness and peace.

I will not attempt to note the marvellous, and in great part, happy contrasts between our country as it steps over the threshold into its second century of organized existence under the Constitution, and that weak but wisely ordered young nation that looked un-

dauntedly down the first century, when all its years stretched out before it.

Our people will not fail at this time to recall the incidents which accompanied the institution of government under the Constitution, or to find inspiration and guidance in the teachings of Washington and his great associates, and hope and courage in the contrast which thirty-eight populous and prosperous states offer to the thirteen states weak in everything except courage and the love of liberty that then fringed our Atlantic seaboard.

The virtues of courage and patriotism have given recent proof of their continued presence and increasing power in the hearts and over the lives of our people. The influences of religion have been multiplied and strengthened. The sweet offices of charity have greatly increased. The virtue of temperance is held in higher estimation. We have not attained an ideal condition. Not all of our people are happy and prosperous; not all of them are virtuous and law-abiding. But on the whole, the opportunities offered to the individual to secure the comforts of life are better than are found elsewhere, and largely better than they were here one hundred years ago.

Shall the prejudices and paralysis of slavery con-

tinue to hang upon the skirts of progress? How long will those who rejoice that slavery no longer exists cherish or tolerate the incapacities it put upon their communities? I look hopefully to the continuance of our protective system and to the consequent development of manufacturing and mining enterprises in the states hitherto wholly given to agriculture as a potent influence in the perfect unification of our people. The men who have invested their capital in these enterprises, the farmers who have felt the benefit of their neighborhood, and the men who work in the shop or field, will not fail to find and to defend a community of interest.

Is it not quite possible that the farmers and the promoters of the great mining and manufacturing enterprises which have recently been established in the South may yet find that the free ballot of the workingman, without distinction of race, is needed for their defence as well as his own? I do not doubt that if those men in the South who now accept the tariff views of Clay and the constitutional expositions of Webster would courageously avow and defend their real convictions, they would not find it difficult, by friendly instruction and coöperation, to make the black man their efficient and safe ally, not only in establishing correct principles in our national administration, but in pre-

serving for their local communities the benefits of social order and economical and honest government.

If in any of the states the public security is thought to be threatened by ignorance among the electors, the obvious remedy is education. The sympathy and help of our people will not be withheld from any community struggling with special embarrassments or difficulties connected with the suffrage, if the remedies proposed proceed upon lawful lines and are promoted by just and honorable methods. How shall those who practise election frauds recover that respect for the sanctity of the ballot which is the first condition and obligation of citizenship? The man who has come to regard the ballot-box as a juggler's hat has renounced his allegiance.

Let us exalt patriotism and moderate our party contentions. Let those who would die for the flag on the field of battle give a better proof of their patriotism and a higher glory to their country by promoting fraternity and justice. A party success that is achieved by unfair methods or by practices that partake of revolution is hurtful and evanescent, even from a party standpoint. We should hold our differing opinions in mutual respect, and, having submitted them to the arbitrament of the ballot, should accept an adverse

judgment with the same respect that we would have demanded of our opponents if the decision had been more in our favor.

No other people have a government more worthy of their respect and love, or a land so magnificent in extent, so pleasant to look upon, and so full of generous suggestion to enterprise and labor. God has placed upon our head a diadem, and has laid at our feet power and wealth beyond definition or calculation. But we must not forget that we take these gifts upon the condition that justice and mercy shall hold the reins of power, and that the upward avenues of hope shall be free of all the people.

I do not mistrust the future. Dangers have been in frequent ambush along our path, but we have uncovered and vanquished them all. Passion has swept some of our communities, but only to give us a new demonstration that the great body of our people are stable, patriotic, and law-abiding. No political party can long pursue advantage at the expense of public honor, or by rude and indecent methods, without protest and fatal disaffection in its own body. The peaceful agencies of commerce are more fully revealing the necessary unity of all our communities, and the increasing intercourse of our people is promoting mutual respect.

We shall find unalloyed pleasure in the revelation which our census will make of the swift development of the great resources of some of the states. Each state will bring its generous contribution to the great aggregate of the nation's increase. And when the harvests from the fields, the cattle from the hills, and the ores from the earth shall have been weighed, counted, and valued, we will turn from the mall to crown with the highest honor the state that has most promoted education, virtue, justice, and patriotism among its people.

ROBERT EMMET

JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

(Delivered March 3, 1892, the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, in New York under the auspices of the Clan-na-Gael)

I AM here by the favor of your invitation to speak a few words in the memory of the most picturesque character in the legends of patriotism. His fame does not rest, like the common reputations of the great, upon the achievements of a long career, for history has only half saved from the waste of time events in which he had a share. It rests upon the fact that in anxious and disturbed times, when the hearts of his countrymen had sunk within them, this fearless man, bearing within his breast the injuries of an afflicted nation, was ready with willing sacrifice to lay down his life for the emancipation of his country.

The Irish revolt against an alien despotism has raised up a score of greater men, while thousands from every walk of life, with equal fortitude, have

met the barbarous sentences of an arbitrary code. But to-night we easily pass by the names of all to think upon an unknown grave and bring the name of Robert Emmet a kindly tribute of our love.

The anniversary suggests no arch of triumph. It gives to the imagination no pageant of victory. It recalls a child learning the first lessons of patriotism at the fireside of an illustrious family; a youth expelled from school because he would not become an informer; a wanderer in strange capitals, taking counsel in blind credulity with Bonaparte and Talleyrand, the one a professional butcher, the other a professional liar; an enthusiast dreaming of war, with no armies, and of military exploits without money; a fanatic throwing himself upon the strongholds of an established government at the head of an insignificant mob; a fugitive forsaking the ways of safety and returning to the hands of the police, for a last word with the girl he loved; a prisoner, despising the aid of lawyers and refusing to call witnesses in his own behalf; a convict, making the dock in which he stood famous and endeared by the passion of an inspired eloquence; a piece of bleeding earth cast into potter's field, for obliquy and oblivion, without the ceremony of a prayer or the poor service of a tear.

This century, now coming to an end, early reversed the judgment of the king's commission which doomed Robert Emmet to death. About his time are gathered the masters of song and fable, and the cheap framework of useless lumber upon which he died has become the tribune from which he speaks to-day in the ears of all the world. Nor is it strange that men should listen now to words which were heard with angry impatience by his accusers, for the century to which he speaks has begun to understand the cause of Ireland in equity.

We recognize the justice of the cause of Ireland, because of the American example by which she has interpreted her theory of popular rights. Her entire political literature is kindled by the spirit of the American Revolution. "The echoes of Bunker Hill," said Flood, in the best vein of his exultant eloquence, "rolled over the Atlantic, wakening Ireland from her disgraceful sleep of centuries."

We offer no excuse for our attachment for a people who began their contest against national grievances by hanging up in the banquet hall at the Donegal Arms the portrait of Franklin, with the motto: "Where liberty is, there is my country," and ended the feast with this toast to the New Republic beyond

that sea: "Lasting freedom and prosperity to the United States of America!" It is too soon to deny the faith of our fathers by despising the faith of yours, either to conciliate the noise of the London criticism or to suit the over educated taste of persons living among us, who have acquired the capacity of appreciating the merits of every country except their own.

That historical alliance of friendly national interest, shown by the grateful words of Washington and Jefferson, and illustrated by the helpful counsel of James Monroe, our Minister at Paris, preserved in the journal of Theobold Wolfe Tone, has grown with our strength, till to-day, all factions of all parties unite in a common concern for the welfare of Ireland. Her people came with the emigrants of other nations, who settled the wilderness of America. On every field of every American war her blood has been shed for the national defence. She has given advocates to the American bar who have filled our highest courts with the treasures of professional learning. She has contributed the scattered children of her national genius to enrich our literature. She has sent among us the ministers of her faith to spread the truth of the Gospel. She has kept watch through her tears while from the plundered

hovels of her unnatural poverty the lowly millions of her people have set out to find in a land of strangers the fair and equal chance that is denied them in the country in which they were born.

These "fugitives from British justice" have taken upon them the oaths of our citizenship, but we have not asked them to renounce their affection for their native land. On the other hand, we ask to be counted among the lovers of Ireland, and though neither of your kindred nor of your faith, I bow with you in reverent commemoration of the ideal patriot of Ireland's heroic age.

The traditions that attest the tragedy of Robert Emmet's death relate a weird and pathetic story. It is told by those who saw the ghastly spectacle, that the executioner, having cut off the dead man's head, made this proclamation: "This is the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet." And as the blood fell from the rude scaffold, the dogs were seen lapping it from the pavement, while now and then some timid loiterer about the spot would stop to press his handkerchief upon the hallowed ground, and hide it away securely in his bosom. I rejoice with you that long since the dogs of calumny and hatred have been driven from the grave of Robert Emmet; that the hangman's proclamation

has been put to universal scorn, and that the traitor of yesterday, who begged in vain for the charity of silence and left his epitaph for other times and other men, has become the favorite hero of popular liberty, his name above the need of eulogy, his motives beyond the reach of malice.

THE COLUMBIAN ORATION

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

(Delivered at the Dedication Ceremonies of the World's Fair Chicago, October 21, 1892)

God always has in training some commanding genius for the control of great crises in the affairs of nations and peoples. The number of these leaders is less than the centuries, but their lives are the history of human progress. Though Cæsar and Charlemagne and Hildebrand and Luther and William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell and all the epoch-makers prepared Europe for the event, and contributed to the result, the lights which illumine our firmament to-day are Columbus the discoverer, Washington the founder, and Lincoln the saviour.

Neither realism nor romance furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus. The mystery about his origin heightens the charm of his story. That he came from among the toilers of his time is in harmony with the

struggles of our period. Forty-four authentic portraits of him have descended to us, and no two of them are the counterfeits of the same person. Each represents a character as distinct as its canvas. Strength and weakness, intellectuality and stupidity, high moral purpose and brutal ferocity, purity and licentiousness, the dreamer and the miser, the pirate and the Puritan, are the types from which we may select our hero. We dismiss the painter, and piercing with the clarified vision of the dawn of the twentieth century the veil of four hundred years, we construct our Columbus.

The perils of the sea in his youth upon the rich argosies of Genoa, or in the service of the licensed rovers who made them their prey, had developed a skilful navigator and intrepid mariner. They had given him a glimpse of the possibilities of the unknown beyond the highways of travel, which roused an unquenchable thirst for adventure and research. The study of the narratives of previous explorers and diligent questionings of the daring spirits who had ventured far toward the fabled West gradually evolved a theory which became in his mind so fixed a fact that he could inspire others with his own passionate beliefs. The words, "That is a lie," written by him

on the margin of nearly every page of a volume of the travels of Marco Polo, which is still to be found in a Genoese library, illustrate the scepticism of his beginning, and the first visit of the New World the fulfilment of his faith.

To secure the means to test the truth of his speculations, this poor and unknown dreamer must win the support of kings and overcome the hostility of the Church. He never doubted his ability to do both, though he knew of no man living who was so great in power, or lineage, or learning, that he could accomplish either. Unaided and alone he succeeded in arousing the jealousies of sovereigns, and dividing the councils of the ecclesiastics. "I will command your fleet and discover for you new realms, but only on condition that you confer on me hereditary nobility, the Admiralty of the Ocean and the Vice-Royalty and one-tenth the revenues of the New World," were his haughty terms to King John of Portugal. After ten years of disappointment and poverty, subsisting most of the time upon the charity of the enlightened monk of the Convent of Rabida, who was his unfaltering friend, he stood before the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, and, rising to imperial dignity in his rags, embodied the same royal conditions in his peti-

tion. The capture of Granada aroused the admiration and devotion of Christendom. But this proud beggar, holding in his grasp the potential promise and dominion of El Dorado and Cathay, divided with the Moslem surrender the attention of sovereigns and of bishops. France and England indicated a desire to hear his theories and see his maps while he was still a suppliant at the gates of the camp of Castile and Aragon, the sport of its courtiers, and the scoff of its confessors. His unshakable faith that Christopher Columbus was commissioned from heaven, both by his name and by Divine command, to carry "Christ across the sea" to new continents and pagan peoples lifted him so far above the discouragements of an empty purse and a contemptuous court that he was proof against the rebuffs of fortune or of friends. To conquer the prejudices of the clergy, to win the approval and financial support of the state, to venture upon that unknown ocean, which, according to the beliefs of the age, was peopled with demons and savage beasts of frightful shape, and from which there was no possibility of return, required the zeal of Peter the Hermit, the chivalric courage of the Cid, and the imagination of Dante. Columbus belonged to that high order of "cranks" who confidently walk where "angels fear to tread,"

and often become the benefactors of their country or their kind.

It was a happy omen of the position which woman was to hold in America that the only person who comprehended the majestic scope of his plans and the invincible quality of his genius was the able and gracious queen of Castile. Isabella alone of all the dignitaries of that age shares with Columbus the honors of his great achievement. She arrayed her kingdom and her private fortune behind the enthusiasm of this mystic mariner, and posterity pays homage to her wisdom and her faith. The devout spirit of the queen and the high purpose of the explorer inspired the voyage, subdued the mutinous crew, and prevailed over the raging storms. They covered with the Divine radiance of religion and humanity the degrading search for gold and the horrors of its quest, which filled the first century of conquest with every form of lust and greed.

The mighty soul of the great admiral was undaunted by the ingratitude of princes and the hostility of the people, by imprisonment and neglect. He died as he was securing the means and preparing a campaign for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from the infidel. He did not know what time has revealed,

that while the mission of the crusades of Godfrey of Bouillon and Richard the Lion Heart was a bloody and fruitless romance, the discovery of America was the salvation of the world. The one was the symbol, the other the spirit; the one death, the other life. The tomb of the Saviour was a narrow and empty vault, precious only for its memories of the supreme tragedy of the centuries; but the new continent was to be the home and temple of the living God.

All hail then, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions present and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HENRY WATTERSON

(First delivered at the Auditorium, Chicago, February 12, 1895)

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers — men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding off lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible, simple, clear, complete.

The inspired ones are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel

them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last, they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, until their work was done, then passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example so impressive as Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training, it was reserved for him to have command at a supreme moment of a nation's fate.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside, were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and

given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That during four years he filled the vast space allotted him proves that he was inspired of God.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish ploughman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem, will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and death.

THE "CROSS OF GOLD"

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

(Chicago Convention, 1896)

We have assembled here under as binding and solemn instructions as were ever imposed upon representatives of the people. We do not come as individuals. It is not a question of persons; it is a question of principles, and it is not with gladness, my friends, that we find ourselves brought into conflict with those who are now arrayed on the other side.

The gentleman who preceded me spoke of the state of Massachusetts; let me assure him that not one present in all this convention entertains the least hostility to the people of the state of Massachusetts, but we stand here representing people who are the equals before the law of the greatest citizens in the state of Massachusetts. When you come before us and tell us that we are about to disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course.

We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the cross-roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day — who begins in the spring and toils all summer — and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the board of trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world. We come to speak for this broader class of business men.

Ah, my friends, we say not a word against those who live upon the Atlantic coast, but the hardy pioneers who have braved all the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as

the rose — the pioneers away out there who rear their children near to Nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds — these people, we say, are as deserving of the consideration of our party as any people in this country. It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defence of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned and our petitions have been scorned; we have entreated and our entreaties have been disregarded; we have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer, we entreat no more, we petition no more. We defy them.

There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them.

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms and your cities

will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every state in the Union. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

BOSTON'S PLACE IN HISTORY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

(Delivered before the mayor and citizens of Boston, July 5, 1897)

Faneuil Hall is the cradle of liberty, and the child was born not far away. It was in the council chamber of the old Statehouse yonder that "American independence was born." These are the words of John Adams, whose features you are looking on. He assisted at the birth, and he has told for us the story.

He says, speaking of that day: "Otis was a flame of fire; Otis hurried everything before him. American independence was then and there born. In fifteen years the child grew up to manhood, and declared himself free."

When that moment came, the Congress of the United States was sitting in Philadelphia. It had been summoned two years before, on the seventeenth of June, 1774 — St. Botolph's day, be it remembered, the Saint's day of Boston. On that day, Samuel Adams, of

Boston, moved in the Provincial Assembly, sitting at Salem, that a Continental Congress should be called at Philadelphia — at Philadelphia, observe, because there was no English garrison there! Samuel Adams took the precaution to lock the door of the Salem Assembly chamber on the inside. While the motion was under discussion, the English governor, Gage's secretary, appeared at the outside of the door to dissolve the Assembly. But Sam Adams was stronger than he. The delegates were chosen — he was one; James Bowdoin, John Adams, Thomas Cushing, and Robert Treat Paine were the others. All these were from Boston.

Two years were to pass before the declaration was drawn and signed. When that time came, our delegation had been changed by the substitution of Hancock for Bowdoin, and Gerry for Cushing. Franklin, another Latin School boy, served with John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston, on the committee which made the draft of the Declaration. And when the time came for its signature, John Hancock's name "stands at the top of freedom's roll."

We need not be over-modest in Boston when we speak of such men and such times. American inde-

pendence was born in our old Statehouse. Sam Adams was the father of American independence. Liberty was cradled in this hall. Franklin and Adams, of those who drew the Declaration, were born here. John Hancock was sent to preside over that Assembly, and accepted bravely the honors and the perils of his great position. I could not anywhere give any history, however succinct, of the Declaration; I could not account for the America of to-day without saying all this, — no, not if I were addressing the Shah of Persia in his palace in Ispahan.

I believe, if I were in your Honor's chair next January, on one of those holidays which nobody knows what to do with, I would commemorate the first great victory of 1775. To do this well, I would issue an order that any schoolboy in Boston who would bring his sled to School Street, might coast down hill all day there, in memory of that famous coasting in January, 1775, when the Latin School boys told the English general that to coast on School Street was their right "from time immemorial," and when they won that right from him.

We have made a pleasure park of the Old Fort Independence, thanks, I believe, to our friend Mr. O'Neil. Let no man take his sweetheart there, where

sheep may be grazing between the useless cannon, without pointing out to her the birth of the Somerset on St. Botolph's day, the day democracy began her march around the world. Let him show her the bastions on Dorchester heights. Let him say to her: "It was here that Lord Percy gathered the flower of King George's army to storm the heights yonder. And it was from this beach that they left Boston forever."

When he takes her to his old schoolhouse he shall ask first to see the handwriting of some of our old boys — of Franklin, of Sam Adams, of John Hancock, of Paine, of Bowdoin, and of Hooper. They shall not stop the car at Hancock Street without a memory of the man who signed the Declaration. They shall cross the pavement on Lynde Street, and he shall say: "These stones have been red with blood from Bunker Hill." And when this day of days comes round, the first festival in our calendar, the best boy of our High School, or of our Latin School, shall always read to us the Declaration in which the fathers announced the truth to the world.

And shall this be no homage to the past — worship deaf and dumb? As the boy goes on his errand he shall say: "To such duty I, too, am born. I am God's messenger." As the young man tells the story to his

sweetheart, he shall say: "We are God's children also, you and I, and we have our duties." They look backward only to look forward. "God needs me that this city may still stand in the forefront of his people's land. Here am I, God may draft me for some special duty, as he drafted Warren and Franklin. Present! Ready for service? Thank God I came from men who were not afraid in battle. Thank God I was born from women whose walk was close to him. Thank God, I am his son." And she shall say: "I am his daughter."

He has nations to call to his service. "Here am I."

He has causeways to build for the march forward of his people. "Here am I."

There are torrents to bridge, highways in deserts. "Here am I."

He has oceans to cross. He has the hungry world to feed. He has the wilderness to clothe in beauty. "Here am I."

God of heaven, be with us as thou wert with the fathers.

God of heaven, we will be with thee, as the fathers were.

NATHAN MORRIS

JOHN L. GRIFFITHS

The life of Nathan Morris was so simple and natural and unaffected that we all have the same point of view regarding him. I knew him for more than a quarter of a century. He was among my very earliest acquaintances in Indianapolis. We first met when he was a student in the office of General Chapman and I a student in the office of Duncan and Duncan. We met when we had enthusiasm and high hopes and high ideals, and I rejoice that we always kept them. We met when we had our moments of depression and discouragement, but also when we had our hours of exultation and exaltation and all things seemed possible. Nothing ever marred that friendship. It deepened and strengthened with the years. It is a friendship overflowing with gentle memories. I look back upon it to-day as one recalls a wondrously beautiful landscape which filled the vision, a landscape in which valley and plain and stream blended in perfect harmony, a landscape at once restful and stimulating.

Nothing sweeter or nobler can be said of any man than that he was a great lover of his kind. This surely can be said of Nathan Morris. He was solicitous for the happiness of others, and was constantly bringing hope, and joy, and peace, and gladness, and sunshine into their lives. He did not remember his friends occasionally and spasmodically, as many of us do, but from day to day he dowered and showered them with the riches of his love. It is only given to a few to die while serving efficiently those they love. It was the knowledge of this fact which transfigured the face of Sidney Carton and made him a veritable angel of life and light as he rode in the rough cart, with the poor seamstress by his side, on the way to the guillotine.

A girl in one of the department stores of this city said to her employer on yesterday: "I must be excused from work to-day because, while I do not know Nathan Morris, I have heard of so many kind and thoughtful and considerate things that he did that I am still standing in the shadow of the sombre tragedy of his death."

When we think of Nathan Morris in the years to come, and we must needs think of him very often, it will be of a friend who was catholic in thought, tolerant in speech, and generous in impulse and deed —

of one whose heart went out in warmest sympathy to the weak, the defenceless, and the suffering, of one who gave as freely of himself (and this is always much the larger gift) as he did of his means to relieve the unfortunate. His memory will be cherished as tenderly and lovingly in many humble homes as in the homes of his multitudinous friends. I sometimes think we do not appreciate the debt we owe to the Jewish race. The Jewish household is the best example we have, perhaps, of pure and holy family life. The persecution, injustice, and cruelty to which the Jewish people have been subjected through the centuries has bound the members of their families together in the most perfect loving union. Nathan Morris was loyal to his race, but wholly free from the prejudices and bigotry and race tradition. He led a life which levelled all creeds and which destroyed all distinction between Jew and Gentile. He had the virtues of his race, and they are many. He was affectionate, persistent, progressive, sagacious, and fertile in resource. He might be temporarily baffled, but he was seldom ultimately beaten. He was an exceptionally good lawyer, clear in his conception of the law and vivid and convincing in his interpretation and statement of it. He knew intuitively what many acquired laboriously. He had that un-

common common sense which enabled him to see the weakness and the strength of a business or a legal proposition. He was therefore valuable and admirable in counsel. It is not as a lawyer, however, that we will love to think of Nathan Morris, but as a man, public spirited, broad minded and generous hearted. By the charm of his personality and the sincerity of his character he drew strong men unto him, and numbered among his intimate friends some of our most representative citizens, leaders in thought and endeavor. He was actively identified with our local charities. No worthy philanthropy ever appealed to him in vain for aid. If he heard of a child in distress, or of a woman suffering pain, or of a man beaten down and discouraged, he ministered unto them and tried to make their pathway easier.

Those who saw the drama "Everyman," in which the whole tragedy of human life was revealed in the span of two brief hours, will remember how friendship and kindred and riches, how beauty and the five wits, and strength and discretion and even knowledge, withdrew at the brink of the grave, until good deeds alone remained, with face triumphant, to walk by the side of Everyman through the Valley of the Shadow. We know to-day that Nathan Morris did not have to take

that last awful journey without companionship, for he must have been attended by a radiant company of good deeds. This is the lesson of his life to you and to me — that all selfish action is petty and ignoble and service for others the only lasting good. It may be said of Nathan Morris, as has been said of John Howard, that "He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality."

HEALTHY HERESIES

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

(A sermon preached before the Illinois Congregational Association in May, 1898)

A God creating and maintaining a universe, conducting its processes, rearing men upon it, guiding men from Eden to the grave, in strict conformity with the Westminster Confession, is a God repudiated by conscience and a love of goodness and hope, which have come into orthodoxy by the administration of the holy spirit — a personal power which for one thousand nine hundred years has illuminated the face of the loving Jesus with his gospel of universal fatherhood and universal brotherhood, with his scarred hands embracing the whole world in his enterprise of salvation, saying unto mistaken and blundering theologians, who would make God either a tyrant or a sensational visionary: "He that hath seen me hath seen the father."

True orthodoxy has nothing whatever to fear so much as that faithlessness which is frightened at

every healthy heresy. True orthodoxy will always regard every influential heresy as the appeal of a neglected truth for recognition.

For example, for twenty-five years we have been trying to get our theology in harmony with materialism, and have been very careful not to say too much about spiritual powers, lest in the event that materialism triumphed entirely, we would have some things that would be awkward enough to take back. So, out of the back window in the eventide of our faith, we put quietly and resignedly our loftiest conceptions and most heroic measurements of what the soul of man can do in exercising sovereignty over matter.

And now, Christian Science comes in at the front door, bringing with it the truth which we have neglected and perhaps scorned. The whole wretched pretence of materialism has vanished as a thick cloud. Away to the outer extreme the human soul has gone, and we can hardly get enough matter together to influence the scales of thought.

I thank God for the bumptious, pestiferous, unchristian, unscientific thing called Christian Science, just as I thank God for the thorny, scraggy rosebush, because with it I can get a rose, and without it I will have none.

The rose justifies the thorns by which and with which it comes, and the great truth in Christian Science, that men can live so as to be free from the haunting tyranny of the flesh, and that the soul of men can be so conscious of God that it is to be taken into the heaven of heavens, where a Paul does not know whether he is in the body or out of the body — that truth justifies any process or means by which it comes.

The tide of interest in that truth to-day, after the dreary wastes of materialism, is proof to me that at the centre of the world's thought the holy spirit abides and works with the old energy that oftentimes has reinvigorated the world.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

(Extract from an article in the *Philistine* for March, 1899)

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you if anybody can." Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a

hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wished to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him: or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an angel of light for an assistant.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

THE MASTERPIECE OF GOD

ELBERT HUBBARD

(Extract from an essay on Leonardo da Vinci in Volume X of *Little Journeys*, February, 1902)

THE human face is the masterpiece of God.

A woman's smile may have in it more sublimity than a sunset; more pathos than a battle-scarred landscape; more warmth than the sun's bright rays; more love than words can say. The human face is the masterpiece of God.

The eyes reveal the soul, the mouth the flesh, the chin stands for purpose, the nose means will. But over and behind all is that fleeting Something we call "expression." This Something is not set or fixed; it is fluid as the ether, changeful as the clouds that move in mysterious majesty across the surface of a summer sky, subtle as the sob of rustling leaves, — too faint at times for human ears, — elusive as the ripples that play hide-and-seek over the bosom of a placid lake.

And yet men have caught expression and held it captive. On the walls of the Louvre hangs the "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci. The picture has been for four hundred years an exasperation and an inspiration to every portrait painter who has put brush to palette. Well does Walter Pater call it "The Despair of Painters." The artist was over fifty years of age when he began the work, and he was four years in completing the task.

Completing, did I say? Leonardo's dying regret was that he had not completed this picture. And yet we might say of it, as Ruskin said of Turner's work, "By no conceivable stretch of the imagination can we say where this picture can be bettered or improved upon."

There is in the face all you can read into it and nothing more. It gives you what you bring and nothing else. It is as silent as the lips of Memnon, as voiceless as the Sphinx. It suggests to you every joy that you have ever felt, every sorrow you have ever known, every triumph you have ever experienced.

This woman is beautiful, just as all life is beautiful when we are in health. She has no quarrel with the world — she loves and she is loved again. No vain longing fills her heart, no feverish unrest disturbs her

dreams, for her no crouching fears haunt the passing hours — that ineffable smile which plays around her mouth says plainly that life is good. And yet the circles about the eyes and the drooping lids hint of world-weariness and speak the message of Koheleth, and say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

"La Gioconda" is infinitely wise, for she has lived. That supreme poise is only possible to one who knows. All the experiences and emotions of manifold existence have etched and moulded that form and face until the body has become the perfect instrument of the soul.

Back of her stretches her life, a mysterious purple shadow. Do you not see the palaces turned to dust, the broken columns, the sunken treasures, the creeping mosses, and the rank ooze of fretted waters that have undermined cities and turned kingdoms into desert seas? The galleys of pagan Greece have swung wide for her on the unforgetting tide, for her soul dwelt in the body of Helen of Troy, and Pallas Athene has followed her ways and whispered to her even the secrets of the gods. Aye! not only was she Helen, but she was Leda, the mother of Helen. Then she was St. Anne, mother of Mary; and next she was Mary, visited by an angel in a dream, and followed by the wise men who had seen the Star in the East.

The centuries, that are but thoughts, found her a Vestal Virgin in pagan Rome, when brutes were kings and lust stalked rampant through the streets. She was the bride of Christ and her fair frail body was flung to the wild beasts, and torn limb from limb while the multitude feasted on the sight.

True to the central impluse of her soul, the Dark Ages rightly called her Cecilia, and then St. Cecilia, mother of sacred music, and later she ministered to men as Melania, the Nun of Tagaste; next as the daughter of William the Conqueror, the Sister of Charity who went through Italy, Spain, and France, and taught the women of the nunneries how to sew, to weave, to embroider, to illuminate books and make beauty, truth, and harmony manifest to human eyes. And so this Lady of the Beautiful Hands stood to Leonardo as the embodiment of a perpetual life; moving in a constantly ascending scale, gathering wisdom, graciousness, love, even as he himself in this life met every experience halfway and counted it joy, knowing that experience is the germ of power.

Life writes its history upon the face, so that all those who have had a like experience read and understand. The human face is the masterpiece of God.

AMERICA A WORLD REPUBLIC

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

(Extract from his speech opening the Republican campaign, delivered in the Auditorium at Chicago, September 25, 1900)

"WESTWARD the Star of Empire takes its Way." Not the star of kingly power, for kingdoms are everywhere dissolving in the increasing rights of men; not the star of autocratic oppression, for civilization is brightening and the liberties of the people are broadening under every flag that floats. But the star of empire, as Washington used the word when he called this Republic an "empire"; as Jefferson understood it when he declared our form of government ideal for extending "our empire"; as Marshall understood it, when he closed a noble period of an immortal constitutional opinion by naming the domain of the American people "our empire." This is the "empire" of which the prophetic voice declared, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way" — the star of the empire of liberty and law, of commerce and communi-

cation, of social order and the Gospel of our Lord — the star of the empire of the civilization of the world. Westward *that* star of empire takes its course. And to-day it illumines our path of duty across the Pacific into the islands and lands where Providence has called us. In that path the American government is marching forward, opposed at every step by those who deny the right of the Republic to plant the institutions of the flag where events have planted that flag itself.

Fellow-Americans, this is no partisan conflict. It is no unprecedented struggle. It is the ever old and yet the ever new, because the ever elemental contest between the forces of growing nationality and those who resist it; between the forces of extending dominion and those who oppose it; between the forces that are making us the master people of the world and those who think that our activities should be confined to this continent forever. It is the eternal duel between the forces of progress and reaction, of construction and disintegration, of growth and of decay. The opponents of expansion are and always have been sincere. But their sincerity did not make them right. Their earnestness, ability, courage, could not give them victory. They were struggling against the Fates. They were resisting the onward forces which were

making of the American people the master nation of the world — the forces that established us first as a separate politic body, then welded us into a national unit, indivisible; then extended our dominion from ocean to ocean over unexplored wildernesses; and now in the ripeness of time fling our authority and unfurl our flag almost all around the globe. It is the "divine event" of American sovereignty among the governments of men for which these forces have been working since the Pilgrims landed on the red man's soil. Men — patriotic, brave, and wise — have sought to stay that tremendous purpose of destiny, but their opposition was as the finger of a babe against the resistless power of the Gulf Stream's mighty current. For God's hand was in it all. His plans were working out their glorious results. And just as futile is resistance to the continuance to-day of the eternal movement of the American people toward the mastery of the world.

This is a destiny neither vague nor undesirable. It is definite, splendid, and holy. When nations shall war no more without the consent of the American Republic — what American heart thrills not with pride at that prospect? And yet our interests are weaving themselves so rapidly around the world that

that time is almost here. When governments stay the slaughter of human beings, because the American Republic demands it — what American heart thrills not with pride at that prospect? And yet to-night there sits in Constantinople a sovereign who knows that that time is nearly here. When the commerce of the world on which the world's peace hangs, travelling every ocean highway of earth, shall pass beneath the guns of the great Republic — what American heart thrills not at that prospect? Yet that time will be here before the second administration of the last American President of the nineteenth century and the first President of the twentieth century. When any changing of the map of earth requires a conference of the powers, and when, at any congress of the nations, the American Republic will preside as the most powerful of powers and most righteous of judges — what American heart thrills not at that prospect? And yet, that prospect is at hand, even as I speak. It is the high and holy destiny of the American people, and from that destiny the American bugles will never sound retreat. "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

HIS LAST SPEECH

WILLIAM McKINLEY

(Delivered at the Buffalo Exposition, September 5, 1902)

EXPOSITIONS are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise, and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step.

Comparison of ideas is always educational, and, as such, instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated process of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the

eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world work. The success of art, science, industry, and invention is an international asset and a common glory.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom.

The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring

everywhere, and the Press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have in-

adequate steamship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag; built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. Those buildings

will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to "make it live beyond its too short living, with praises and thanksgiving." Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition?

Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler efforts for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

ON AMERICAN MOTHERHOOD

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Delivered before the National Congress of Mothers, March 13, 1905.)

In our modern industrial civilization there are many and grave dangers to counterbalance the splendors and the triumphs. It is not a good thing to see cities grow at a disproportionate speed relatively to the country; for the small land-owners, the men who own their little homes, and therefore to a large extent the men who till the farms, the men of the soil, have hitherto made the foundation of lasting national life in every state; and, if the foundation becomes either too weak or too narrow, the superstructure, no matter how attractive, is in imminent danger of falling.

But far more important than the question of the occupation of our citizens is the question of how their family life is conducted. No matter what their occupation may be, as long as there is a real home and as long as those who make up that home do their duty to

one another, to their neighbors, and to the state, it is of minor consequence whether the man's trade is plied in the country or in the city, whether it calls for the work of the hands or for the work of the head.

No piled-up wealth, no splendor of material growth, no brilliance of artistic development, will permanently avail any people unless its home life is healthy, unless the average man possesses honesty, courage, common sense, and decency, unless he works hard and is willing at need to fight hard; and unless the average woman is a good wife, a good mother, able and willing to perform the first and greatest duty of womanhood, able and willing to bear, and to bring up as they should be brought up, healthy children, sound in body, mind, and character, and numerous enough so that the race shall increase and not decrease.

There are certain old truths which will be true as long as this world endures, and which no amount of progress can alter. One of these is the truth that the primary duty of the husband is to be the homemaker, the breadwinner for his wife and children, and that the primary duty of the woman is to be the helpmate, the housewife, and mother. The woman should have ample educational advantages; but save in exceptional cases, the man must be, and she need not be, and gen-

erally ought not to be, trained for a lifelong career as the family breadwinner; and, therefore, after a certain point, the training of the two must normally be different because the duties of the two are normally different. This does not mean inequality of function, but it does mean that normally there must be dissimilarity of function. On the whole, I think the duty of the woman the more important, the more difficult, and the more honorable of the two; on the whole I respect the woman who does her duty even more than I respect the man who does his.

No ordinary work done by a man is either as hard or as responsible as the work of a woman who is bringing up a family of small children; for upon her time and strength demands are made not only every hour of the day but often every hour of the night. She may have to get up night after night to take care of a sick child, and yet must by day continue to do all her household duties as well; and if the family means are scant she must usually enjoy even her rare holidays taking her whole brood of children with her. The birth pangs make all men the debtors of all women. Above all, our sympathy and regard are due to the struggling wives among those whom Abraham Lincoln called the plain people, and whom he so loved

and trusted; for the lives of these women are often led on the lonely heights of quiet, self-sacrificing heroism.

The woman who is a good wife, a good mother, is entitled to our respect as is no one else; but she is entitled to it only because, and so long as, she is worthy of it. Effort and self-sacrifice are the law of worthy life for the man as for the woman; though neither the effort nor the self-sacrifice may be the same for the one as for the other. I do not in the least believe in the patient Griselda type of woman, in the woman who submits to gross and long-continued ill treatment, any more than I believe in a man who tamely submits to wrongful aggression. No wrong-doing is so abhorrent as wrong-doing by a man toward the wife and the children who should arouse every tender feeling in his nature. Selfishness toward them, lack of tenderness toward them, lack of consideration for them, above all, brutality in any form toward them, should arouse the heartiest scorn and indignation in every upright soul.

I believe in the woman keeping her self-respect just as I believe in the man doing so. I believe in her rights just as much as I believe in the man's, and indeed a little more; and I regard marriage as a

partnership, in which each partner is in honor bound to think of the rights of the other as well as of his or her own. But I think that the duties are even more important than the rights; and in the long run I think that the reward is ampler and greater for duty well done, than for the insistence upon individual rights, necessary though this, too, must often be. Your duty is hard, your responsibility great; but greatest of all is your reward. I do not pity you in the least. On the contrary, I feel respect and admiration for you.

Into the woman's keeping is committed the destiny of the generations to come after us. If you mothers through weakness bring up your sons to be selfish, you will be responsible for much sadness among the women who are to be their wives in the future. If you let your daughters grow up idle, perhaps under the mistaken impression that as you yourselves have had to work hard they shall know enjoyment, you are preparing them to be useless to others and burdens to themselves. Teach boys and girls alike that they are not to look forward to lives spent in avoiding difficulties, but to lives spent in overcoming difficulties. Teach them that work, for themselves and also for others, is not a curse but a blessing; seek to make them happy, to make them enjoy life, but seek also to make them

face life with the steadfast resolution to wrest success from labor and adversity, and to do their whole duty before God and to man. Surely she who can thus train her sons and her daughters is thrice fortunate among women.

There are many good people who are denied the supreme blessing of children, and for these we have the respect and sympathy always due to those who, from no fault of their own, are denied any of the other great blessings of life. But the man or woman who deliberately foregoes these blessings, whether from viciousness, coldness, shallow-heartedness, self-indulgence, or mere failure to appreciate aright the difference between the all-important and the unimportant, — why, such a creature merits contempt as hearty as any visited upon the soldier who runs away in battle, or upon the man who refuses to work for the support of those dependent upon him, and who though able-bodied is yet content to eat in idleness the bread which others provide.

The existence of women of this type forms one of the most unpleasant and unwholesome features of modern life. These unpleasant tendencies in our American life are made evident by articles such as those which I actually read not long ago in a certain

paper, where a clergyman was quoted, seemingly with approval, as expressing the general American attitude when he said that the ambition of any save a very rich man should be to rear two children only, so as to give his children an opportunity "to taste a few of the good things of life."

The way to give a child a fair chance in life is not to bring it up in luxury, but to see that it has a kind of training that will develop strength of character. The intelligence of the remark is on a par with its morality; for the most rudimentary mental process would have shown the speaker that if the average family in which there are children contained but two children the nation as a whole would decrease in population so rapidly that in two or three generations it would very deservedly be on the point of extinction, so that the people who had acted on this base and selfish doctrine would be giving place to others with braver and more robust ideals. Nor would such a result be in any way regrettable; for a race that practised such doctrine — that is, a race that practised race suicide — would thereby conclusively show that it was unfit to exist, and that it had better give place to people who had not forgotten the primary laws of their being.

To sum up, then, the whole matter is simple enough. If either a race or an individual prefers the pleasure of mere effortless ease, of self-indulgence to the infinitely deeper, the infinitely higher pleasures that come to those who know the toil and the weariness, but also the joy, of hard duty well done, why, that race or that individual must inevitably in the end pay the penalty of leading a life both vapid and ignoble. No man and no woman really worthy of the name can care for the life spent solely or chiefly in the avoidance of risk and trouble and labor. Save in exceptional cases the prizes worth having in life must be paid for, and the life worth living must be a life of work for a worthy end, and ordinarily of work more for others than for one's self.

The woman's task is not easy, — no task worth doing is easy, — but in doing it, and when she has done it, there shall come to her the highest and holiest joy known to mankind; and having done it, she shall have the reward prophesied in Scripture; for her husband and her children, yes, and all people who realize that her work lies at the foundation of all national happiness and greatness, shall rise up and call her blessed.

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